THE
COMMONWEAL

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THE LAST OF THE YANKEES

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, or of the incidents that preceded his retirement from office in the interests of his party, there is no denying that the late attorney-general is a skilled political pilot, with a competent knowledge of the depths and shallows, the cross-currents and reefs, of the party game. When he speaks, therefore, though we may discount a certain proportion of his wisdom on the ground of partisanship, a residue will always remain worthy of attention by all who would prophesy the events that are bound to make 1928 memorable in our internal history.

Among other shrewd things said by the veteran when recently declining an opportunity to predict the next President, the following adage deserves at least careful examination. "Presidential nominations can be effected only with the aid of organization. It is not the brass band and the crowd marching down the street behind it that effects nominations. It is the men and women who sit on the floor in the convention hall and are organized that tip the scale in favor of one candidate against the other."

This is true in the main, but Mr. Daugherty would be more convincing if he stopped to take note of certain exceptions. It is the exceptions that lend spice to the talk of 1928, and in this year of all years he should remember them. The rule as he states it is cast-iron, whatever enthusiasts may think quadrennially about their ability to blow down the walls of Jericho with their trumpets, about being heard for their much speaking. But the exceptions come awkwardly near to being as unescapable as the rule, for the reason that there is another rule behind them.

That rule is that, whenever the public mind is filled with the image of one man to the exclusion of all others, there is no need for organization for him and no hope for organization against him. What would organization have profited Jackson in 1832, Roosevelt in 1904, Bryan in 1900 and 1908, and what could organization have done against them? Could organization have nominated Wilson in 1916, or prevented his nomination? Any organization that opposes such a man at such a time will be swept out of the way, and no organization that is for him can do him a penny's worth of good. If Mr. Daugherty were not steeped to his finger-tips in the practice of wire-pulling he would know this, and probably down in his heart he does know it.

In 1908 there was a triumph of organization, as there was in 1836. The public mind was filled with Roosevelt, and there was no room for even a thumbnail portrait of Taft, Fairbanks, Cannon or any other

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of the multitudinous candidates. Roosevelt not only would not run but would not take a nomination, and used his organization to force Taft on a party and a people whose eyes were crowded with himself and no one else. The convention nominated Taft as it would have nominated anybody Roosevelt might have directed. In 1836 Jackson filled the public mind, but he would not have the nomination, and the party discontentedly and lethargically accepted the successor he named. It would have accepted Hugh White as readily as it did Van Buren if Jackson had so ordered.

Mr. Daugherty, and for that matter most other habitual politicians, think inveterately in terms of such years as 1920. In that year, no man filled the Republican mind, and organization chess-playing had full scope. Wilson filled the Democratic mind, as Roosevelt had filled the Republican twelve years before, but since Wilson could not be nominated, the chess-players had the same unlimited field at San Francisco as at Chicago. The two mountains labored and brought forth Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox. Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox!

The relevancy of all this is that 1928 is another of these years. The public mind is filled with Mr. Coolidge. If he should "choose to run," nay, if he would unbend so far as to give a knowing wink, all would be over but the shouting, and no cleverly-made organization could either help him or hurt him. The simple reason organization would be of no avail is that every delegate, every congressman, has to consult his home sentiment, and if everybody in his district is for John Doe, it is fatal to him to vote for Richard Roe, even if the organization tells him to.

Since the time of George Washington there has never been any man so wholly independent, so carefree, when it comes to the matter of a nomination, as Calvin Coolidge. He can take it or leave it. He is reported, with a realistic accent of truth, as saying, "I wonder who could beat Al Smith if I didn't run." It is a typical Coolidgeism, and even if it is denied, the native stamp of it will confute the denial; not that Coolidge is given to denials. It is reminiscent of the time, in 1924, when, his own nomination being assured, the groveling politicians came to him and abjectly asked him who should be nominated for Vice-President. "Let's leave that to the convention," said Coolidge; "we did that four years ago, and," reflectively, "they picked a derned good man." You have to know Massachusetts to know Coolidge, but in this age of Yankee flux, maybe you have to know that last of the Yankees, Coolidge, to know Massachusetts.

If Coolidge persists in his determination the situation will be much like 1908. The Republicans will want Coolidge as they did Roosevelt, and with the object of their desire out of the way, they will be indifferent to the name they have to fill in on the slate. It is little they cared for Taft or Hughes in 1908, and it will be little they will care for Hoover or Lowden in 1928. There is, it is true, an efficiently organized movement for Lowden and one also organized, but less efficiently, for Hoover. But every man they get has his ear to the ground and a word from Coolidge would cut his hard-won allegiance. As for the Hughes boom, it is no boom at all; nobody wants Hughes, and certain designing men are using his name till they find out which way the cat will jump, as the New York delegation did with Chauncey M. Depew in 1888 and as Thomas C. Platt did with Governor Morton in 1896—to name no others. It is the oldest and most often used trick in politics.

Coolidge, too, has the comfortable assurance that what is true of his party is true of the country, and in that he resembles Monroe, Jackson and Roosevelt. He fills the public mind as well as the partisan eye. Coolidge Democrats are as numerous in the nation as Smith Republicans in New York. It is not an isolated phenomenon in American history. In the language of the time, he is "sitting pretty."

Whether he is sitting tight is another matter. During his Western holiday the president must have learnt many things besides the comparative sportsmanship of fly and float fishing. One at least, or we miss our guess, is the irreconcilability of the insurgent group upon farm relief and the dim prospect of carrying through another administration with credit unless the Senate breach is healed. Any change by him upon the economic question is hardly conceivable by those acquainted with the singularly steadfast character of Mr. Coolidge's mind. But it is evident, to the least instructed that this is no time to air family quarrels that divide manufacturing from farming Republican. To leave the third term at least a possibility while Democratic chickens, dry and wet, southern and eastern, are flocking home to roost (or fight) is good tactics. Napoleon has told us that victory belongs to the general who makes fewest mistakes. The exact number the Democratic Party can be forced into remains to be seen. One imagines a hopeful view is taken at administration headquarters.

But the Democratic Party is like Achilles. Exactly the same situation existed in 1883, but the Democrats elected their first President since Buchanan the next year. That party has the principle of life and revives eternally, no matter how down-and-out it seems. If the figure of Mr. Coolidge fills the mind of a certain category of citizens to such an extent that imagining his final and irrevocable refusal to take a (nearly) third term sounds as near high treason as was once the crime of "imagining" a monarch's demise, there can be no doubt that, to another, whose exact number must remain conjectural a few months longer, the name of New York's popular executive rings in the ear as a very potent counter-charm. The present Alice in Wonderland excursions of Jefferson's old party should mislead no one; they have happened before. God, the irreverent say, cares for drunkards and fools —and even for the Democratic party!

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE National Association of Manufacturers has set out to rid the country of some of what are termed its educational evils. A carefully worded program suggests that "society cannot afford to maintain high schools for young people who use them merely as pleasure resorts," and asks for "the amendment of compulsory education acts to make the attainment of an adequate physical and mental development for the particular job sought rather than the attainment of any chronological age in excess of fourteen arbitrarily selected." Everything about the program is thoughtful and plausible. The American educational system is polishing away at thousands whom years at school will merely harm; and it itself is so vastly overburdened with work, a great deal of which is futile, that the standards of operation are deplorably low. On the other side of the question, however, there is child labor—an abuse which no amount of poking fun at the shortcomings of education can gloss over. The entire statement presented by the Manufacturers exudes desire to get hold of the cheap hands of children; to tie these prematurely to the toil of the factory and the workshop; and so to break down the only really solid barrier which the law has established in defense of the laboring class. Certainly we need no levee en masse of children to keep the wheels of industry moving, at a time when crowds are unemployed. If we should run short of workers, it might, perhaps, be more feasible to empty those colleges where select, well-fed young men spend four years of their lives in an oasis of absolute leisure!

WE DO not think that the nation can reform its educational business by undermining the welfare of its workers and their children. If the Manufacturers definitely agreed to take their children from school and send them to work in case the school reports were not satisfactory, one would have more respect for the motives which have inspired the present program. But can one present any alternative program? The answer is "no," and for one reason mainly. The people of this country have never been willing to accept advice from competent educators as to how the schools ought to be conducted. As a whole the educational enterprise is befogged with cheap politics, popular misconceptions of what training is, and all sorts of inhibitions which have nothing at all to do with the matter in hand. If the Manufacturers really want to render cultural service, they might volunteer to prosecute any demagogue who makes his political ambitions part of the essential scholastic business of a community, and to supply support and salaries for men who might be able to analyze the existing chaos and find some formula of order. Such a formula would, of course, revolutionize existing methods. There is no room here to show how and why it would. Perhaps we can make an attempt to discuss these aspects of the matter some day. Meanwhile it is enough to note that the Manufacturers are not educators but simply men who, like other politicians, raise the issue for their own political purposes.

ADMIRAL S. YAMAMOTO, of the Japanese navy, has contributed to La Vie Catholique, of Paris, a most informing paper on the position of the Catholic Church in Japan. Of this Church the Admiral is himself an enthusiastic and devoted member. Among several passages we should like to quote, this one must be chosen: "The hour of religious harvest, desired for so long, seems to have struck. Of course we shall have to surmount many difficulties in the field. These are the same obstacles which have always retarded the progress of the Church, and it is not surprising that they should exist now. We must struggle against a pagan morality and pagan customs. We shall have to win out over a civilization not Christian but materialistic in character. Jingos of one kind or another will devise methods of persecution. Learned men who profess doctrines and philosophies non-Catholic in character will create opposition. Possibly the authorities, now so well disposed toward our cause, may some day change and stand against it. The powers of evil will use all means in their power to prevent this pagan people from entering the haven of the Church of God. But in spite of all these things, we have hope—not because of our own powers or merits, but because we realize the mercifulness of Christ, the bounty of His Mother, and the precious services of the confessors, martyrs, missionaries and other charitable souls who have labored for the soul of Japan." Noble words, and of good augury for Christian Japan's future!

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A FIRST formal meeting held in New York City established the organization of the American chapter of the Knights of Malta. Some time ago we announced the fact that such a chapter had been authorized by Rome, and outlined the character of the order and the work it plans to accomplish. We can now add that Cardinal Hayes, having received the Grand Cross of Honor which represents the highest distinction the order can confer, will direct the charitable activities, to promote which is the chief purpose of the chapter. The building and maintenance of hospitals is the primary object. Needless to remark, the men whose names are inscribed on the charter roster are not merely captains of industry and masters of great wealth, but also citizens whose generosity has, in the past, financed a great deal of beneficent action. Unified as they now are through membership in one of the oldest, and perhaps the most distinguished, of the eleemosynary societies in the history of Christendom, they are in a position to carry out good work with unparalleled vigor.

CRENSHAW COUNTY, Alabama, has seen enough of a cat o' nine tails during the last five years to supply it with a great deal more information on the subject than is furnished, let us say, by Melville's White Jacket. The floggers are simply our old friends the kleagles and dragons. And so mighty has been their power that nobody dared complain lest moral vigilance, dressed in a nightgown, should plaster him with four-and-forty. Finally the state Attorney-General, Mr. McCall, was induced by courageous newspapers and a few venturesome individuals to take up the 102 indictments which the grand jury had returned against klansmen. What followed so exasperated Mr. McCall that he withdrew from klandom personally and then abandoned the prosecution. It was found that every witness had been so scared out of his wits that there was no getting him to testify; that the run of citizens actually believed kleagle law superior to the brand authorized by the state; and that the Law Enforcement Department, which supposedly hunts down offenders and in particular destroys stills, was actually testifying for the accused. Newspaper investigation has furthermore revealed the intimately amicable relations which exist between the state officials, from the governor down, and the authorities in nightgowns. This situation, we are assured, is the outcome of an unfortunate "split" which so decimated the ranks of honest voters at the last election that the present crowd crept in almost unnoticed. We hope for harmony in the future, and just now wish we could dispatch a few gentlemen we know to Crenshaw County.

THE oddest thing about the comment on Governor Smith's declaration on his prohibition views is not opinions about their correctness or incorrectness, but about their effect on his fortunes. It does not seem to be assumed that the man may have honestly spoken his own convictions without thinking of the question, "Will this do me good or harm?" And yet why should he not have said what he thought in just that way? Some perversity blinds us to such a possibility the moment the man who speaks is stamped with some tag or nickname like Governor, Senator or President. Call him plain Alfred Smith or Calvin Coolidge or John Doe, and you will allow that he is saying what he thinks. Put him in a bal masqué and call him a presidential possibility and he ceases instantly to be a man with thoughts of his own. And yet—why? It seems to us that a simple solution of Mr. Smith's carefree utterances is that he was just Mr. Smith, not the probable presidential candidate of the Democratic party. But that is too dark a saying, and we have no hope anybody will believe it or accept it.

NOTHING could be more fatuous than the dinner of Republican wets at the Union Club in New York if, as is reported, the purpose was to start the raising of $3,000,000 for a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment. Apparently in these days it is as easy to raise $3,000,000 as $0.30 for any purpose, and if the aim were to begin a campaign of education on the use and abuse of spirits there would be some merit in the plan. But a referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment would not be merely a waste of money—money does not seem to be of any value nowadays—but it would be as futile and empty a gesture as can be imagined. Nobody would be bound by it, nobody would be influenced by it, and after all the useless uproar was over and the money burnt, everybody would be of the same opinion still and the Amendment would be just where it is, lodged in the Constitution. No one can imagine any reason for proposing such a waste of energy unless Captain Stayton wishes to convince the public that he is working hard and ex-Senator Wadsworth wants to go back to Washington. Senator Edge is always ready to lend a hand on such occasions, and so is Dr. Butler, but they alone know why.

HAVING already spoken out in meeting as regards Mayor Thompson and his cultural activities in Chicago, The Commonweal has the less hesitation in commenting upon an incident which it considers goes very far to explain his popularity with many deserving citizens by no means to be dismissed as factious. In a recent meeting of the Legislative League of New York, an angry lady who is described as former field secretary of the National Association for Constitutional Government, elected not only to take the field again, but to carry her operations so far into enemy country as to class the genial if wrong-headed Mayor with "the worst anti-American bolsheviki." What is the head and front of the Mayor's offending, the basis upon which so sweeping and damaging a charge is made? Miss Hermine Schwed can tell us. It is his attack "upon the British empire and its principles." These principles, and this empire, Miss Schwed is re-

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ported as informing her fellow-constitutionalists, are "the great bulwark against the revolutionists who plot against every government." In its recent comment, it may be remembered, The Commonweal asked what likelihood there was of the existence of paid British propaganda when so much was being done for sheer love of the game. In no reported speech or letter of Mayor Thompson is there a scintilla of evidence that his historic quarrel with George V is connected ever so remotely with the Russo-British quarrel, far less the bolshevik theory of government. To stretch resentment at criticism of Britain into a charge that it is, only shows the length to which this gratuitous propaganda is prepared to go.

SENATOR NORRIS'S biennial proposal for an amendment to the Constitution providing, briefly, that Congress shall take office pretty soon after it is elected is foredoomed to defeat again, the soothsayers say, and presumably they are right. It is a pity, by unanimous consent; the amendment ought to be adopted. The queer thing about its defeat is that the Senate always passes it and the House always kills it. By the rule of reason the vote should lie just the other way. It is much more to the interest of representatives than senators that Congress should meet immediately. Senators have six years to serve, representatives only two, and as a matter of fact, a representative has only five or six months to make his record. He takes office thirteen months after he is elected and usually has only from January to May in which to impress himself on his constituents, for the primaries come about that time in most states, or if they do not, the primary campaign is nearly over. Why, then, does the House and not the Senate play the dunce about Norris's much-needed amendment? The answer is simply that the House takes orders from its leaders and the Senate does not, but it is regrettable just the same.

OVERCROWDING at our branches of higher learning becomes more evident every year and a problem that seems distinctly related to it has recently been aired by Marshall S. Brown, dean of the faculties of New York University. Emphasizing that the policy of his own university is guided by the need of the alert and talented student for adequate training, the dean paused to regret that the administrative organizations of too many American universities are concerned with bringing the backward and mentally slothful student into line rather than with the discovery and stimulus of exceptional minds. The practice, one supposes, is more or less forced upon our college heads by circumstances. The social value attached to a college education is ensuring us a growing number of university misfits. Entrance examinations meet the case only partially. Except in rare instances a course of "cramming" devised by specialists in intensive education is able to defeat its real end. The true test comes later and it is one that the harassed professor and instructor is less and less able to apply as classes grow larger and as the work of instilling knowledge into uncoöperating minds is thrown more and more on his shoulders. The maintaining of a "high average" of work seems at first sight a sound principle. But the whole purpose of university education is defeated unless opportunities given a student eager to advance are at least equal to those given one struggling to maintain a footing.

SOLDIERS and suicide are not a natural connection in thought. "Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy?" asks the brave old writer of what is said to have been General Wolfe's favorite song. "Why, soldiers, why, whose business 'tis to die?" The answer, as anyone who knows the enlisted man can tell you, is that soldiers or any other class of men to whom discipline closes the alternative of betaking themselves elsewhere, grow melancholy and even suicidal when they are driven too hard or, in popular phrase, "ridden." In its comment upon the disquieting prevalence of suicide in the American army revealed by a recent report of Surgeon-General Ireland, the New York Times has some very pertinent remarks to offer. Their substance is that, following the effort initiated by Secretary Baker immediately after the armistice, the army is being turned into an intensive school of citizenship, with emphasis laid not on the function of the fighting man in war, but on what his functions will be after return to civil life. As a result, the buck private is growing "morbid and confused over his place in the world." "If Congress," continues the editorial, "is a little uncertain whether we maintain a standing army or a university, that tendency should not be reflected in the War Department and in the ranks." We agree heartily. The soldier's leisure, upon which so many worthy civilians look sourly, is his reward for his strenuous life, exiguous pay, and readiness to die on demand. To encroach upon it, even with the worthiest motives in view, looks like poor sportsmanship toward a class that is not in a position to air its own grievances.

HAVING been at some pains to decide whether we ought to go after the $10,000 prize which Mayor Thompson has offered for a respectable history of our common country, we have speculated upon the qualities which might gain approving smiles (and incidentally something more concrete) for our manuscript-to-be. Among the various guesses achieved is one which we charitably pass on to others who may be planning to enter the contest. Can it be that His Honor is anxious to hasten the arrival of another Christopher Ocland and Alexander Nevill, whose Anglorum Praelia ab Anno Domini 1327 was published in 1582? Concerning this work a modern scholar has written: "The object of this book, which is written in Latin verse, is to panegyrise the character and government of Elizabeth, and it was therefore enjoined by authority to be read as a classic in every grammar school, and

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to be indelibly impressed upon the memory of every young scholar in the kingdom." It is evident, of course, that Latin verse is not the proper medium through which to present history to the young hopefuls of Chicago. But to all appearances a bit of panegyric bright with local color might be just the thing.

WITH one single exception there is no element existent in the makeup of our planet which is not to be found in the vast assemblage of heavenly bodies. All of them, as has been said, are cut from the same cloth. There is just one curious set of lines detectable by the spectroscope in, for example, the fiery sheath of Sirius the dog-star and in certain nebulae, which does not tally with any terrestrial spectrum. To the hypothetical element thus believed to be detected was given the name of nebulium. It will be remembered that when helium was first discovered in the same way in the sun (after which it is named) it was unknown on this earth. Since then it has been discovered, as everybody knows, and is much valued for inflating air-ships. It was thought that nebulium would perhaps similarly turn up. But an opposite fate is that of this entity which, it develops, is not an entity at all but some curious arrangement of oxygen and nitrogen. So says I. S. Bowen, of the Norman Bridge laboratory of physics and, as his view has been favorably received by Professor Fowler, a great authority on the matter, it seems that it may be accepted.

CLOUDS OVER CONCORD

THE Preparatory Disarmament Commission, settling down once again to business in Geneva, faces difficulties more than theoretical in character. There are, to be sure, basic disagreements among the major powers as to the general lines which a policy of pacification ought to adopt. Germany, demanding that the clause in the Versailles treaty relative to armaments be considered a mandate, is strongly entrenched behind excellent logical defenses. The former allies, however, have the upper hand not merely because they constitute a majority but because their "ratio of disarmament must be the ratio of security" is sure to impress all who examine contemporary political realities calmly and carefully. It is quite true that the signatories to the treaty agreed to follow in the path which Germany took by reason of compulsion. Such promises, however, have a spirit as well as a letter; and here again the first is more illustrious than the second. Similarly, not many Americans will subscribe to such cut and dried programs as the Russian delegation is said to have prepared. When has a scheme of this character ever been put into effect in the world of nations? You cannot devise a pattern and make the world conform. You must be content to use advantages which you have already gained as stepping-stones to further improvement.

But contemporary circumstances naturally impel one to ask what has actually been gained. The brush between Poland and Lithuania brought to the fore a source of trouble which has existed ever since 1920. Nationalistic sentiment, which kept alive and finally emancipated Poland, inevitably created Lithuania, also. Two conflicting currents of patriotic feeling eddied around the city of Vilna, awarded to Poland by an international commission. Lithuanians did not abandon their claim to it, but undoubtedly used the "loss" as a pretext for keeping up a continuous antipathy to the neighboring nation. On the other hand, one does not doubt the desire of many leading Poles to annex Lithuania ultimately, although it is only fair to say that efforts have been made to establish diplomatic relations between the two countries. The Russian note of protest had the effect of restraining Marshal Pilsudski from every form of rash action; and timely warnings by other great powers have, it is said, calmed the Lithuanian mind. Nevertheless feeling runs high, there exist real causes of disagreement, and there is every reason to believe that coming League deliberations on the matter will be highly exciting and interesting.

News of fiercely fought rebellion in the Ukraine, though strenuously denied from Soviet official sources, would indicate that the end of nationalistic struggle in eastern Europe is not at hand. As yet one cannot be sure of the dimensions of the struggle or of the nature of the groups involved. What has been reported, however—peasant uprisings, the capture of important cities by insurrectionary parties, guerilla fighting, and finally indiscriminate slaughter by Russian soldiers—is all so reminiscent of Polish battles for freedom that the parallel comes to mind at once. The Ukraine is staging something more than a manifesto of dissatisfaction with Soviet rule. It has completed a new stage in the march to independence, and the fortunes of history usually smile upon such pilgrimages, bloody and terrifying though they may be. The Moscow government is succeeding in building up the nucleus of industrial activity in Russia, and will in all likelihood retain the loyalty of worker groups. It may well prove unable to conserve Russia.

Nor can one overlook other important problems of a similar character. Indubitable signs of Flemish and Alsatian desire for autonomy are taken for granted by all political observers. The crisis in the operation of the Dawes plan compels attention. No one can foretell with any degree of certainty what the outcome of the recent developments in Roumania will be. The relation between Italy and the Balkans is a thread to the end of which disaster may cling. In short, there is enough business before the house to keep the "international mind" busy for a long time to come. Meanwhile one rejoices that this "mind" possesses an institutional frame-work in the League of Nations which, however sharp the criticism of it may wax, is still the largest hope on the horizon.

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GOVERNOR SMITH AND DIXIE

By JOHN C. O'CONNELL

(The Commonweal does not offer the following article as political prophecy. It considers it, none the less, of prime importance as the utterance of a vetern editor. resident for many years in the South and thoroughly conversant with the conditions whereof he speaks.—The Editors.)

THE slings and arrows of outrageous fortune have punctured United States Senator J. Tom Heflin right in the windbag at a moment when he was most powerfully declaiming against the Pope and the Vatican for the delectation of the bucolic citizenry of his native Alabama—the cities and the towns having long since taken the Senator at his face value.

Unconsciously and innocently the Opelika Daily News, published in "Cotton Tom's" own state, proved his undoing. Describing a Kiwanis Club luncheon at which a party of local school teachers back from a European trip related their various experiences abroad, the Opelika newspaper gave to its unprepared readers the information which appears in the following paragraph:

> Miss Helen Collins, member of the school faculty, who visited Europe the past summer, made a most interesting talk on parts of her travels. She described the visit she and a party of her fellow tourists made to the Vatican in Rome, Italy, and the reception of the party by the Pope. Quite a bit of fun was had when Miss Collins said a letter from Senator Heflin, curiously enough, gained them admission.

A wise old newspaper owl who writes "funny pieces" for the Montgomery (Alabama) Advertiser, a Baptist and high Freemason with the classical Hibernian name of Atticus Mullin, a Spanish War veteran, and proud of being one of the three bald-headed newspaper men in his state, has the following remarks to make in reference to the unexpected revelation:

> Folks, we've some terrible news. A letter of introduction from "Admiral" Tom Heflin is an open sesame to the Vatican. The great doors swing open with the receipt of such a letter and the Pontiff himself grants audiences to those who have such a letter.
>
> We are shocked and disillusioned. While this country was depending upon the "admiral" to save it from the powerful guns of the papal fleet, an "Admiral" Heflin letter of introduction was ushering people into the Vatican and into the presence of the Pope himself. What secret understanding, if any, has our "Admiral" Tom with the Pope? Has "Admiral" Tom being spoofing us all the time? Is there no papal fleet off our shores?

Atticus Mullin's estimate of "Admiral" Tom, as evidenced in the foregoing, is the estimate of five-sixths of the people of Alabama. The title of "Admiral," it may be explained, was conferred on "Cotton Tom" in derision by the Alabama legislature, and this fact has an even greater significance than the surprised outsider—imbued heretofore with an idea of Senator Heflin's omnipotence on his own home ground—is likely to realize. Two facts, cited at random but each typical in its way, may help to define the actual situation.

Senator Caraway of Arkansas, a Democratic wheelhorse and avowed foe of Governor Alfred E. Smith, has conceded that the Governor will be the presidential nominee of his party, but he believes that the women of the South and the dry vote will defeat him.

In expressing his gratitude to the Mississippi Methodist Conference for a gift commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding, Bishop Warren A. Candler, senior bishop of his church in the South, said that if he had to live his life over again he would "join the ministry and marry the same brown-eyed girl with a dimple in each cheek and one in her chin."

These are apparently unrelated incidents, but they have a bearing on the political situation described by the Senator from Arkansas. He comes from the left bank of the frequently turbulent Mississippi River where that attenuated ditty, The Arkansaw Traveler, originated. It describes the philosophy of a native son who couldn't mend his shingled roof when the rain was falling and didn't see the need of plugging up the leaks when the weather was fine.

Senator Caraway is human from the Arkansas viewpoint, which contemplates God as a kind of policeman. Bishop Candler is human from the original American viewpoint, which makes the home the foundation of the state, and which still exalts womanhood.

In this viewpoint there is much in common between Bishop Candler and Governor Smith. The Governor represents in his everyday life the integrity of the home and all that it implies in an age when shifting social standards have subordinated the foundation of the state to the pleasures of the moment. That fact is not lost on the women of the South. Perhaps more than the women of any other part of this country they retain the God-given instincts of motherhood, of preservation of the race and of the social obligations which bind communities in a common brotherhood. One does not read in the South of mothers turning on the gas to die with their children because the wolf of poverty is scratching at the door. Some neighbor mother would have chased the wolf away and rescued the sufferers before the pulmotor was needed.

The sad-faced people who sell birth-control maga-

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zines up and down Broadway have never been able to make any impression on the South. The South still believes that Providence strengthens the back to bear the burden. The generation which raised the South from the slough of despond following the Civil War is fast disappearing, but their descendants are true children of that valiant race which emerged from defeat through the fire of suffering to found a new industrial empire.

Governor Smith, who rose from poverty to the highest office within the gift of the people of his state, is of the same valiant breed, and the politician who fails to realize the close affinity between the Governor of New York and the men and women of the South, and the tremendous appeal the Governor's life has made to them, can only be said to resemble the classic Arkansaw Traveler in his kind of reasoning.

Some of the politicians have declared that the South will revolt if Governor Smith is nominated, and at least two have pointed to the gold-standard revolt of 1896. As a party defection, that was the same kind of fiasco that might be expected in 1928. The banks, industrial leaders, many of the principal newspapers, and big business generally in the South, supported the revolt. With what result?

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana and Virginia polled 31,618 votes for Palmer and Buckner, and the whole country gave the Gold Democratic ticket 131,529—less than the 141,676 votes polled by the prohibition candidates in that election.

The insignificance of the Palmer and Buckner vote is apparent in a comparison with the total popular vote of 7,106,779 for McKinley, and 6,502,925 for Bryan.

The situation is reversed this time, and business leaders and newspapers in the South, for the most part, are friendly to the national figure who is pointed to as the probable Democratic nominee. Cole Blease and his espousal of Senator Borah, and the reported friendliness of certain elements in the Mississippi valley states to Secretary Hoover, are mere gestures without any substantial background. No southern state will compromise with Republicanism where the Negro race is in an industrial majority. Northern Republicans who are hopeful of inroads in the South may think differently, but their own party leaders in the South who are in social and business contacts with the white race know that the supremacy of that race is bigger than political party, and they accept it because they live there and are forced to realize what it means.

Race supremacy is the South's first consideration, overshadowing even religious prejudice, where such prejudice exists. That it does exist is not to be denied, but it is not peculiar to the South, as some public men seem to think. They should not point the finger of scorn to below the Mason and Dixon line as long as the political scandals in Indiana—to cite the most spectacular of recent instances—remain on the front pages of the newspapers.

In the face of the probable nomination of Governor Smith by the Democratic party there seems to be a dwindling sense of proportion and judgment among some Democrats. Vastly superior persons unburden themselves daily of a good deal of nonsense and humbug. Has it ever struck any of the political wiseacres how few southern men have been heard from in the public prints or on the rostrum as to the possible effects of the expected nomination? The late Wayne B. Wheeler was the first to venture an opinion that the South would never vote for Governor Smith—would, indeed, vote for a Republican first. He was promptly called down by the same Bishop Candler whom I have previously mentioned and quoted in this article.

Bishop Candler is a scholar and one of the ablest men in the entire South. Essentially a churchman, he is also a man of very broad knowledge of the world and of national and international subjects. He is familiar with Goethe, who said that the best way to attain universal tolerance was to rid ourselves of personal and national prejudices and preconceptions, and to realize that whatever of true value mankind possesses is, of necessity, the common property of the race.

That thought can be paraphrased to describe the South's acceptance of Governor Smith as the nominee of the Democratic party, in the realization that his value as an outstanding public official of proved integrity is the common property of America—a product of American life which belies the fear that a heartless and selfish paganism is in our day undermining the American government.

Dreams

As a tree dreaming before its bark opens,
Dreaming in blueness of blind, holy blossoms,
Little, sap-sweetened, helpless and holy,
Is Mary who dreams on the bench by the doorway.

"Oh," cries the tree, "the blue sky is through me,
Right in my heart here till my sap shimmers;
Birdsong and blue sky drench you unborn."
My love," says poor Mary, "shall drench You unborn."

As godwits that brood on the roll of the steppe-lands,
Sweet little sutlers of sun and of sun-tents,
Dreaming the roads for the wings that are sealed yet,
Is Mary, far-eyed, in the white wintry sunshine.

"Oh," cries the bird, "the flight that is sleeping!
You shall brush through the stars and flurry the young moons,
The roads of your faring shine in you, unborn.
"Fly far," says brave Mary, "I send You unborn."

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS

By DANIEL J. McKENNA

WHEN Charles H. Nestle (or Nesle) recently fell into the clutches of the British colonial authorities, the newspapers carried the story of his being lodged in a Nassau jail "in irons and under heavy guard." At the time these lines are being written, the final decision as to what charge Nestle will be compelled to face has not been made public. But the facts, as nearly as can be ascertained from somewhat conflicting reports, seem to have been as follows:

An American coast-guard patrol captured two boats, the crews of which were out of sympathy with our widely known, if not respected, prohibition law. This in itself would not have caused the British lion to roar. But there were further elements, namely, the fact that some person other than the duly authorized federal authorities appropriated part of the alcoholic cargo to his own use and the fact that the whole affair occurred in British territorial waters. The British officials seem to have blamed the appropriation of the forbidden liquor on Mr. Nestle.

So far, the situation would not particularly alarm or even interest the public. The accused would merely be the defendant in an ordinary criminal proceeding and his trial would be no more exciting than a trial for larceny or bootlegging in one of our own courts.

But the authorities who seized Nestle used a magic word in describing his case. They said that he might be accused of piracy. At once the press of this country caught up the word and we have been told, by implication, that the jolly roger is again unfurled, that the lethal use of planks and yard-arms is being resumed and that the successors of Teach, L'Ollonois and Kidd (who either was or was not a pirate, as one's prejudices incline) are again cruising the Spanish Main.

There is something in the very word piracy which reeks of romance and adventure. As a matter of fact, most pirates were brutal ruffians and sorry cowards. Furthermore, in the present instance, there can be little romance about a wretched theft of a small amount of liquor. We do not even know whether the British will actually hold their prisoner for trial, or, if they try him, whether they will charge him with piracy or with a more sordid offense. Yet, in view of the widespread publicity given the case and of the vague and incorrect ideas to which this publicity leads, let us analyze the crime of piracy as well as the brevity and untechnical nature of this article permit.

First of all, there are two kinds of piracy. There is the piracy which exists under, and by virtue of, international law. There is also the piracy which exists merely under the arbitrary statute of a separate nation.

The meaning attached to the word piracy by international law is also the meaning held by the public, the meaning of fiction and history. When we talk about Long John Silver and pieces-of-eight, we are thinking about pirates in the strictly international sense. These were the offenders for whom the yard-arm was ever ready and against whom the hand of every man was turned. And small wonder that this should be so, since their offense was not against any particular state or people but against the whole human race.

A criminal upon land meets with certain legal obstacles hard to overcome. The most serious of these is the territorial theory of sovereignty. No part of the civilized world exists which is not under the authority and more or less effective control of some ruler, whether the latter be called king, emperor or sovereign people. A state may be graded in civilization according to the efficiency with which its sovereign imposes law upon its area. Since the coming of age of the present nations of Europe and the Americas, the law of the land has been upheld, not always with the greatest efficiency but at least to such an extent that a law-abiding person who minds his own business is reasonably safe from molestation both in his person and in his property.

This restriction upon land crime has existed for generations and has led to the self-sufficiency of each country with respect to its own criminal problems. The United States, for example, does not ask England or France to enforce an American law. This country is quite able to guarantee its own civil security. The converse is true with regard to all other nations, each one being willing to cope with its own problems unaided and being, in fact, jealous of officious assistance on the part of another power. The result of this independence is that if a criminal escapes from the country in which he committed his crime, he is safe from punishment elsewhere. He may be extradited, or brought back to the land whence he escaped, provided there be an adequate extradition treaty between that country and the place of his refuge. But extradition is a purely artificial thing. It only exists by specific undertaking between nations and then only to the extent that these nations agree. At most, it permits the country from which the culprit has fled to regain possession of him. What that country does to him thereafter is no concern of the nation to which he fled.

But maritime crime cannot be measured by national boundaries. "The use of the sea and air is common to all," said Queen Elizabeth. No sovereign can or ever could control the high seas, except in a figurative and rhetorical sense, although the control of a narrow strip of water along the coast is possible. By common consent of nations, such water is considered part of the land against which it flows. It is known as territorial water, and since the offense for which Nestle

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was arrested occurred in such territorial water, this fact alone would confer jurisdiction upon Great Britain to try him.

But the true high seas, the boundless tracts of water comprising the oceans and seas, are quite beyond territorial control. No sovereign can claim them as his own. They are the common property of mankind. They are the natural highways of civilization. And since their function is to afford communication and transport between the most diversified of nations, the claim of any nation to monopolize them as land is monopolized (were such a thing possible) would be denied instantly and universally.

Murderers, sneak-thieves, robbers and other unsocial vermin have from time to time taken advantage of the security afforded by the sea. In ancient times, piracy was considered a recognized business, just as it was considered by inhabitants of the Algerian states until the nineteenth century. Julius Caesar was captured by pirates when a young man. By all accounts they treated him decently enough while awaiting his ransom, yet he promised to come back and crucify them all, and he kept his word. But it was not until the discovery of the Americas that piracy adopted the attributes of big business. Sir Francis Drake almost made it respectable. The awkward Spanish galleons laden with the gold and spice of Manila and New Spain were too tempting to be permitted to reach their destination. The Reformation gave religious approval to what had been mere rapine. The poor Spanish hidalgo, who sailed to mend his fortunes in the new world and who left diaries wherein he questioned his right to eat, on days of abstinence, the bread furnished on board ship, because of the living creatures in the bread, was to be harried and smitten for the glory of the (Protestant) Lord.

Had the maritime powers been satisfied to abide within the limits of national enmity, the situation might have resolved itself into a disreputable kind of privateering, not exactly an occupation for honest sailors and yet not completely beyond the limits of decency. But blackguards know neither race nor creed. The Spaniards themselves took a hand in the game, and before the sixteenth century was ended a pirate was a pirate, choosing his victims indiscriminately and preying upon all mankind. Drake's day had passed. The very different day of Blackbeard was dawning.

The pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries operated upon a scale that had never before been possible and that will never be possible again. Before the time of Columbus, voyages were necessarily short. The Mediterranean was a limited body of water. Such ocean cruising as was done merely hugged the coast. Ships and cargoes were small. But when voyages to the Americas became possible, when ships were made larger and stronger in order to traverse illimitable spaces of water and, above all, when the futility of policing the entire sea became manifest, piracy made the most of its opportunity. On the other hand, the gradual colonization of the world led to its decline. When colonists became sufficiently numerous and strong to punish those who preyed upon them, piracy had to give way. It was already moribund a century ago, when the discovery of steam gave it the coup de grâce.

During the long period when pirates were the scourge of the sea, the maritime nations, by common agreement and for their mutual defense, built up the law upon the subject of piracy from a primitive beginning. They started from the premise that a pirate was an enemy of all mankind. He was not engaged in fighting for or against any national cause. He held no legal commission. He was merely a freebooter, a wretch respecting neither allegiance nor honor, to be shot down as if he were a mad dog and for the same public necessity. The ship of any nation could arrest him. Any nation could summarily execute him.

The characteristics of an act of piracy, as the term is understood in international law, are comparatively simple. The offense must consist of a serious act of violence. A mere hidden theft or minor assault would not constitute piracy at international law. On the other hand, if a serious attack be made, the absence of an intent to steal is no defense. In the second place, the offense must occur on the high seas. If done within the territorial limits of any nation, it results in a breach of the law of that nation which should be punished by the latter. International law has enough to do without attempting to regulate the domestic administration of any specific country. Finally, the act must be unauthorized by any recognized nation. The pirate must be "at war with mankind." If a civilized state tells an individual that he may commit a depredation at sea, and if he acts in the name of that state, he is not privately responsible. The state itself must bear the responsibility. The nation whose citizen is injured can always protect itself by declaring war upon the offending country.

The foregoing are the chief qualities of an act of piracy, as the word is understood in international law. They hardly exist in the act for which the British are holding Nestle. In the first place, this act took place in British territorial waters and not on the high seas. Secondly, the principal aggression, if there was any, seems to have been made by American officers purporting to act under American law. Even though a person in Nestle's position may not have been authorized to accompany the raiders, it is hard to see how the raid itself can be attributed to him. At most, he was only an unauthorized participant in it. Had he been absent, it would have been conducted just the same. Had the American coast-guardsmen remained inactive, he would not have attempted to seize the rum boats in his individual capacity. And finally, his alleged offense, if any, was not of piratical type. The mere stealing of a few cases of liquor in the course of a seizure made under color of law can hardly

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be called an attack against all mankind, calling for the hangman.

Does this mean that Nestle must escape scot-free and that he cannot be charged with piracy at all? By no means. As we have seen, there are two kinds of piracy. Up to this point we have been discussing the jolly-roger, pieces-of-eight kind, or the kind which has long been forbidden by international law.

The statutory type of piracy remains to be discussed. Undoubtedly that is the kind of piracy, if any, with which Nestle will be charged. Practically every maritime country has, from time to time, passed legislation forbidding the commission of certain ordinary and prosaic offenses by its own citizens at sea, upon its own ships, or in its own territorial waters. Such crimes, as, for example, murder, robbery, slaving and others, are frequently given the totally arbitrary name of piracy. They could just as reasonably retain the names by which they are known ashore but they are called piracy for historical and symbolic reasons. Thus, until comparatively recently, every person who committed upon the high seas, or in any river, harbor, basin or bay, out of the jurisdiction of any particular state, murder or robbery or any other offense which, if committed within the body of a country, would be punishable with death, was called a pirate by the law of the United States. (R. S., Section 5372.) This particular statute is now repealed and while the offenses are still forbidden, their commission is no longer called piracy. If any charge of piracy be pressed against Nestle, it will undoubtedly be under a similar British statute which gives a hard and misleading name to a sordid offense. To analyze the appropriate British enactments is unnecessary, beyond calling attention to their existence. The penalty will probably be little more severe than if the act had been committed upon land.

In any situation, Nestle will have counsel and a fair trial, neither of which he would have had in the bad old days. He will not be punished unless the Crown proves him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. And even if convicted, he will not be hanged in chains, to the terror of all God-fearing mariners who enter his majesty's harbor of London.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

HENRI MASSIS (La Revue Catholique des Idées et des Faits) drew attention some months ago to an aspect of bolshevism which is not discussed here, and indeed is practically unknown, for the simple reason that we have no direct contact with it, as have all Europeans. He speaks of the "spiritual" warfare which Russia has declared on the human race; a new revelation, finding support in certain of the older German philosophies and a vague and still inchoate, but nevertheless ardent response in the Oriental mind. He refers to the influence upon the Slavic predecessors of bolshevism, of Hegel, Sterner, Feuerbach, Schopenhauer, and more recently, upon the present molders of thought in Russia, of Hartmen, Keyserling and Spengler. He quotes Tchaadaieff: "It is to Russia that the task has fallen, of pronouncing, one day, the solution of the húman riddle"; and Solovieff, hesitating before the Slavic messianic message: "If you should ask us what is our great gift to humanity, we are forced to silence or to words devoid of sense."

Massis recalls and emphasizes the Eurasian character of Russia, and the disappearance in these past ten years of the outward appearance of European culture superimposed upon the Slav-Asiatic character of the Russian mass by the efforts of Peter the Great and some of his successors. To the present writer it has always seemed that Russia's appearance of European culture was in fact merely an assumption of certain western European efficiency methods for convenience, and never a true assimilation, any more than the adoption of European methods by Japan has made or could possibly make of Japan a "European" nation.

Both great peoples possess racial characteristics deeply rooted in the past which are only superficially alterable by the adoption of certain outward forms, of convenient usage to international intercourse, like the use, for the sake of convenience and efficiency, of a common official language. The common use of French (for example) as the language of diplomacy does not impress upon those using it the characteristics which are recognizably essential to the French nation.

This new message to mankind, manifested in the writings of the classic pre-revolutionary Russians, this vague and semi-mystic aspiration to merge all human aspirations, is still a living thing; it was not destroyed even though its present bearers emphasize an official atheism. There is an underlying mystic content in the Russian message which does make appeal to the oppressed and dissatisfied, to the muddled thinkers of the world, and very truly to the Oriental world, resentful of European aggression, of European materialism, of a European ideology but half understood. As Massis puts it very sagely with regard to its present bearers:

> It seduces the Oriental mind not only by reason of its essential characteristic of violent hostility to Occidental civilization, but also and principally by reason of that mysterious consonance with their own ideas which Asiatics see in it.

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A contemporary Russian leader has stated it in this way:

> There are three principal concepts active in the world today: the materialistic concept centering in London and New York; the spiritual and religious concept centering in or strongly influenced by Rome; and the humanistic concept centering in Moscow.

In the Russian and the Russo-Semitic mind this humanistic concept partakes of the mysterious nature of religion. In China today it offers a double seduction: active aid in the destruction of Western civilization abhorrent to many Chinese, and a guide to the formulation of the inchoate spiritual aspirations of Asia. *In India it responds to a growing restless nationalism* combined with formless and indefinite spiritual longings. It finds repercussions in certain elements of Japanese life. It pervades those with no foreign contacts and those who have attended the universities of Europe and America. In large measure the chaos of China is due directly to the latter, too immature before they came to us to understand the being and needs of their own country; too untrained to digest Western learning and to profit by it intellectually; incapable of sorting, blending and assimilating two cultures so different. Asiatics sense in Russia the physical blending of East and West and look for the possibility of an intellectual and spiritual blending.

Western European contact, American contact, has given them nothing but the material things, and those (as they see it in most cases) dominated by and to the principal profit of the Westerner.

An interesting article, evidently by a clergyman with mission experience in India (Les Castes et le Clergé Indien, in the same Belgian periodical) which is only one of several on the same general theme by various Belgian writers, indicates that in some degree the same might be said of Christian missions. Pointing out the difficulty of satisfying the demand in India for native bishops following the precedent of the recent consecration of Chinese bishops, he confronts the problem of creating bishops for the several castes which divide India so rigidly; bishops with personal rather than territorial jurisdiction, the "diocese" extending only to persons of the same separated social status, from which the bishop himself is to be drawn. He admits the difficulty, though its solution is not without precedent, since, as an editorial note to his article observes, there are today three Catholic bishops with similar personal rather then territorial jurisdiction at Lwow in Galicia: one for the Latin rite, one for the Oriental and one for the Armenian. In support of his contention that the present situation is fraught with risk he recalls that

> When the Portuguese arrived in India in 1501 they found there a Christian Church with native clergy and hierarchy which declared itself at once Catholic and Roman. The Portuguese, fearing heresy and schism, removed the native bishops and replaced them by Europeans. The struggle of this native Church to regain its native bishops lasted 300 years, until the pontificate of Leo XIII, with a result of 500,000 schismatics in that native Church. We, European missionaries, created this half million of schismatics by our nationalistic methods. We do not boast of it in our mission magazines. . . . It is now the Malabar Indian bishops who are repairing our past errors and are succeeding brilliantly.

The reverend writer urges that whether difficult or not, the problem of consecrating native bishops in India by castes be contemplated boldly, for it will not be long before Europeans will face withdrawal from India or war, and he asks the picturesque question:

> Is the Church an insurance company, or an organization in which one may safely leave the risk to Providence?

A third article (Catholicisme au Japon) recalls most opportunely for our purposes the phenomenal reception of Catholic Christianity by the Japanese in 1581; its spread in fifty years to 1,000,000 members embracing the highest feudal nobles as well as the lowest classes; the Japanese embassy to Rome in 1585, which gave enthusiastic hope that Japan was about to be transformed into a new great and vigorous Christian community. Then—the suspicion of European nationalistic political influence under cover of religion, cruel persecution, official proscription and the resurgence of Buddhism. That, however, was not the end. At the Catholic University at Tokyo, a Jesuit missionary who came to Japan in 1864 related to the author of the article quoted, that "believing himself in virgin territory on his arrival at Nagasaki, he found to his stupefaction, communities of Japanese Catholics hidden there since 1606." In spite of the most rigid laws against their existence, these Christians had transmitted, from generation to generation, and almost intact, the tradition of Catholic worship. In matters of religion they still used Portuguese and Latin words. Since they had had no priests for two centuries and a half, they had received baptism at the hands of a chosen man in each community, and still spoke of "the King of the great Doctrine—the Pope."

Here was, it would seem, a case of full satisfaction of a spiritual longing, and striking evidence also of the tenacity of the Asiatic mind when the mysticism so characteristic of the Oriental is given a definite objective consonant with its essential quality.

It is evidence of the force of pure religion uncomplicated by that ancient scourge—the use of religion as a vehicle for political ambitions. Russia, truly Christian, might well be the solvent of East and West. An atheistic Russia can only call up the menace visualized in fantastic form by William II. Under the shadow of an atheistic Russia, the concentration of the Pope upon this problem is nothing less than awe-inspiring to the student of international affairs.

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FATHER MALLOY

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

HERE was an old town, the county seat of Pike County when it stretched from the Mississippi river to Lake Michigan. It was incorporated in 1823, fourteen years before Chicago had a charter, and in all this time, Chicago being then known as Fort Dearborn, the people came down from the Fort to pay their taxes and get marriage licenses and transact legal business. I saw this town for the first time on July 4, 1880, as I sat in a carriage with my father and mother, while we were being driven up Main Street. We had just moved to this town from the New Salem country of Petersburg. And because Father Malloy was so much my father's friend, and my father was so much his friend, because of this and other things, I must say that his name was Hardin Wallace Masters, and that he was the newly come lawyer to this former county seat of Pike County. It was at this time the county seat of Fulton County; and Chicago was long since a notable city.

My mother, who had come as a girl to Illinois from Marlboro, New Hampshire, saw at once that she was in a New England atmosphere. Here and there were houses all immaculately white, with green shutters and large doors over which were the typical decorative fan, and on which was the brass knocker; and with the half-enclosed porch which led to the wood house, which, in turn was joined to the barn. Here was the church standing back of an open space and facing the court-house at the other side of this open space. The churchyard was green with summer grass, and it was surrounded by a substantial and well-kept iron fence. The spire of the church shot up into the sky, and a great weather-vane adorned it.

But right at hand, around the business square, were evidences of a different taste, of a stock that was not of New England. The court-house itself had its origin in the culture of Tennessee and Kentucky. It was built of brick and painted gray. Its projecting roof was supported by large lime stone pillars which had been brought in 1837 from the quarries along the Illinois river, hauled by oxen under the supervision of a Major Walker, a Virginian, at this time a very old man with stories of the Revolutionary War handed to him by his father. Underneath this projecting roof and back of the pillars was a space large enough for many people to stand; but now it was used chiefly by a strange man who walked all day long, back and forth, with his hands behind him. He was the former brilliant lawyer of the town, who knew Shakespeare and other wonderful things, but had lost his money and his memory, too, thus proving that the treasures of the mind have wings as well as the material riches of this world.

Along the front wall, stairways of iron at either side ascended to a landing from which one stepped through the door to the court room. Below on the stone porch the central entrance of the court-house was situated by which one entered the hall with its offices for the county treasurer and sheriff and coroner and state's attorney. Between these pillars Lincoln had stood and addressed the people, and so had Douglas. The edifice as a whole was full of great memories. It was one of the vanishing monuments of the early days of the republic. In keeping with its architecture there were awnings of wood over the sidewalks around the square, so that it was possible to pass from the bank to the meat-market without being rained on; and in the

Father Malloy

You are over there, Father Malloy,
Where holy ground is and the cross marks
every grave,
Not here with us on the hill—
Us of wavering faith, and clouded vision,
And drifting hope, and unforgiven sins.
You were so human, Father Malloy,
Taking a friendly glass sometimes with us,
Siding with us who would rescue Spoon River
From the coldness and the dreariness of village
morality.
You were like a traveler who brings a little
box of sand
From the wastes about the pyramids
And makes them real and Egypt real.
You were a part of and related to a great past,
And yet you were so close to many of us.
You believed in the joy of life.
You did not seem to be ashamed of the flesh.
You faced life as it is,
And as it changes.
Some of us almost came to you, Father Malloy,
Seeing how your Church had divined the heart,
And provided for it,
Through Peter the Flame,
Peter the Rock.

—THE SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY.

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sunny days politicians and farmers getting the news, and loafers getting their daily rest, could stand beneath their shade, or sit on the steps of the stairways leading to the offices of the dentist, the lawyer, or the doctor.

Then in parts of the town a little removed from the square there were the houses which showed their southern influence, in chief the brick mansion of one of the richest men in town, which had the two-story porch that may be seen in Tennessee and further south, with its date in large letters in the gable: 1845; its conservatory for flowers, its great yard enclosed by a decorative iron fence, its walks and its lilac bushes. And further on was the finest house in town, owned by Colonel Ross, who had been in Congress, whose father had come from Virginia and had been active in all the surrounding country, even as far away as Petersburg and New Salem, forty miles distant.

In a word, there were two breeds of people in this town, and all these things showed it, as well as the religion and politics which throve here, later to be noted. There were the New Englanders whose leading spirits shared with the prosperous Virginians the wealth of the place. And attached to these New Englanders, as the villains of old were bound to the feudal lord, were the work-people, whom they controlled in religion and in economics. On the other hand, there were the Virginians whom lesser folk followed and believed in, but who were only kept faithful by the tenuous ties of sentiment and political faith. Characterized by a word, these groups were republicans on the one hand and democrats on the other; conservatives and liberals; hard, dry, thrifty Calvinists, and believers in a softer evangelism; the rich and the poor, the prudent and the shiftless and the generous. And these two hostile and never-to-be-reconciled kinds of human nature fought each other at every point and all the time. There was the matter of baptism—how should it be, by sprinkling or by immersion? There was the miracle of instant conversion, instant knowledge of God. There was the bruited doom of souls predestined to condemnation, never to be saved by works. There were the churches in politics always on the moral side of the village questions, and in consequence always against the democrats. There were the tidal waves of money and power taking their rise in the great cities, and rippling the waters of this little cove with enough energy to disturb the village shallops, canoes and tiny steamers. There were the bank and the factory with their economics intertwined with moralities and creeds. There was the whole human drama of loves and hates, of strifes and alliances, in never-ending change and activity, while Father Malloy kept his way in a high tranquillity at the parish house at the edge of town in the same yard where stood the church of "Peter the Flame, Peter the Rock."

His church had nothing to do with all this village turmoil. When Father Malloy came to the square it was to get his mail, or to attend to the errands of the day, or to visit with the men with whom Peter would have fished, or to call at the office of Hardin Wallace Masters, where he was likely to be drawing legal papers to get someone out of trouble who had fallen victim to a harsh morality. Or perhaps they met on the street where the lawyer was talking to people, telling them stories, the farmers, or the resident Virginians. Or perhaps the men were in the back room of the implement store run by the good-natured German, where a keg of beer was flowing and was being drunk with cheese and crackers, and amid talk and laughter, the tedium of the day was relieved by such feasting. Father Malloy would come here.

In this town there was never any question of moral or political agitation except the dancing of the young people, the propriety of the local dramatic offering, or the ruin that was being brought to "our precious boys," to use the phrase of the fanatical editor of the Puritan régime, by drink. There never was any excitement here except the convulsive revival of the Methodists, or the restrained emotionalism of the Presbyterians foregathering for the Lord—restrained, perhaps, because when you are not sure that you are one of the predestined saved, you cannot be as wrought to ecstasy as when you know that heaven is yours for having asked for it. At these revivals fervent prayers were offered for those who waltzed, and for those who drank beer brought in from nearby towns, or over the village bar, when, as happened now and then, the Virginians arose and voted in saloons to get the revenue for sidewalks and fire protection, and for police protection needed equally in the rule of the drys and the wets.

With none of this did Father Malloy have anything to do. He was out at the parish house maintaining a silence too significant to be understood by many. His boys and girls danced if they wanted to, and he was an amused spectator of their delight; the Sabbath being made for man and not man for the Sabbath, happiness and play were not denied to his flock on this day; and wine being good for the soul, his men and women could have it, avoiding only the forbidden sin of intemperance. Father Malloy neither compelling by threats, nor enticing by promises, nor bribing by economic advantages any to come to him, pursued his way in the confidence of an ancient divination of the human heart. The madness around him, which he could not exorcise, and which never appealed to him for help, had to go its way. The girl not of his flock who had lost her peace of mind and her life, and for whom prayers were offered that God would forgive her, had told her secret to someone less loyal than Father Malloy, and had been misadvised besides. Father Malloy could do nothing about this. Tipsy men were beaten to death for stopping to inquire the way in a midnight of bewilderment. The town's morality absolved the killer.

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Men were thrown in prison, widows lost their bread because the law penalized them thus for the sins of their husbands—all of this amid prayers and sermons filled with warnings and maledictions. Father Malloy calmly celebrated the Mass. But surely he was an influence in the work of Hardin Wallace Masters by word or example, as he went on undaunted helping the man caught in the trap of circumstances, relieving the victim of usury and overreaching, opening the prison doors through the judgments of the upper courts which found that convictions were totally without proof, and that they were the result of passion and prejudice.

When I was writing the Spoon River Anthology, the figure and the life of Father Malloy came before my eyes. He was a man who had to be portrayed to make the picture of American life complete. All that I had seen and known of him came up for expression; but what I wrote about him in the poem entitled Father Malloy was nothing more than the action of light which etches the image on the sensitive plate. It was not a conscious portrayal, it was not the result of thinking. He stood in the throng of life asking nothing of me, not taking a place at the front in order to be memorialized, but standing only in calmness, leaving it to me to prove if I had the insight and the wisdom to set down his character and his meaning. So as I was recording in this unconscious fashion I saw the part that Father Malloy had played in that world in little, and how that part was the expression of his Church. I saw the happiness that he was to my father in those days of contest and bitterness, of the friendship that existed between them, growing out of mutual satisfaction for the just event that followed my father's toil for a wiser, happier and fairer community. Now after these many years of reading into Father Malloy's life what I have seen and learned of the human heart, I must say that if any prayer was to be said for the repose of the soul of Hardin Wallace Masters, I should want Father Malloy and none other to say it. And if Father Malloy were alive, he would say it out of a spontaneous heart and without waiting to be asked.

Bedding Cattle against the First Snow

Down from the upper draws and mountains
Dark and bleak with sleeting rain,
The riders bring their hungry cattle,
Bawling, to the pasture lane.

They bed the tired herds in the orchard
Long unpruned and bare of fruits,
And hay them where they mill and flatten
Storm-black trees and rotted roots.

All night the cold and troubled cattle
Feel the snow about to fall;
All night they splinter fence and orchard,
Click their horns and shove and bawl.

WALTER EVANS KIDD.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE JESUIT ENIGMA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In reference to your article which appeared in The Commonweal of November 23, under the title The Ex-Jesuit Enigma, in which you discussed both the book The Jesuit Enigma and its author, may I make the following observations?

You wrote that I "freely employ the most sweeping attacks upon Ignatius and the Jesuits made by Carlyle," and again that I "seem to make my own the judgment of Carlyle on Ignatius." This is hardly accurate, as I use the phrases which follow when quoting from Carlyle: "anti-Jesuit writer"; "Carlyle cruelly puts it"; "Carlyle with the utmost bitterness and ferocity"; "the blunt and bigoted Carlyle"; and I state definitely that Carlyle "did not know much about the Jesuits" and wrote about them "without any historical research into the matter." I must ask you to be generous enough to correct the impression made by your article that I quoted Carlyle with approval.

You refer to my book as "an endless storehouse of accusations" against the Jesuits culled from the pages of ex-Catholics, ex-Jesuits and enemies of the Society. Now what are the facts? With few exceptions I confine myself to criticisms of the Jesuits made by Jesuits who lived and died in the order like Cordara, Mariana, de Ravignan, Hoffäus; to bishops like Wiseman and Palafox, who was declared Venerable by the Church; to saints like Pius V and other Popes like Paul IV, Sixtus V, Innocent X and Clement XIV. Surely the criticisms of such men are worthy of attention?

In particular you seem to consider it unbecoming of me to quote from the writings of Father Tyrrell. Now the work of Father Tyrrell from which I quote almost exclusively, was a letter written by him to his general, while he was still a professed Father of the Society, living in a Jesuit house. It was written about the time that he received the following striking testimony to his truthfulness from the same Jesuit general. "Never," wrote the latter, "have I had any doubt about the candor and sincerity of your reverence."

You challenge me to explain my use of the phrase "providential death" in reference to the death of Paul IV. I accept the challenge. First, may I remark that this phrase contains no implication whatever of murder. Next, that the death even of a good man may be justly spoken of as "providential" if it be regarded as forestalling some misconceived undertaking of such a man that was liable to do harm. Thirdly, I ask you to turn to page 48 of my book where you will find that Father R. Campbell, S.J., uses a synonymous phrase, "opportune demise," in reference to the death of Sixtus V. My quotation marks were due to the fact that I was quoting from memory the words of Father Campbell. If I am guilty of "spreading and emphasizing" the charge that Jesuits murdered Popes, no less so was the late Father Campbell. Here again, no doubt through inadvertence, you allowed yourself to put me in very wrong with your readers.

In introducing the names of Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Van Dyke you seem to me to be employing an unusual method of polemics. If they held that the Jesuit order as a whole "has served the highest and best interests of Christendom" why have you not quoted their exact words?

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Dr. Van Dyke in his book Ignatius Loyola, to which you refer, expressly and definitely asserts, on page 7, that any such judgment is "entirely outside of the purpose of this book."

No doubt it was through economy of space that on two occasions in making quotations from my book you curtailed the quotations with the result that a somewhat different complexion was given them. Thus you quote me as writing: "Had he been a good man he should have consented at this moment to be damned." My book reads: "'Had he been a good man,' writes the unsympathetic Carlyle, 'he should have consented at this moment to be damned.'" The little clause about Carlyle would have made a difference, would it not? Especially as the quotation, utilized to exhibit Carlyle's "bitterness and ferocity," had reference to Saint Ignatius for whom I have always had, and still have, an extraordinary admiration, though I recognize that he had mental and temperamental limitations as obvious as those of other saints.

I note that you admit the lawfulness of writing criticism, "even the most drastic criticism," of the Society of Jesus. I find too that you discovered no untenable doctrines or false statements in my work. You complain that there is "hate" in it, a harsh word, as you yourself admit. I note further that you disclaim being "a pious Christian," hence no doubt you felt no squeamishness in insinuating, by relating the Paul Feval incident, that I was "bought" by my publishers to write against the Jesuits, and that "every page of my book was poisoned by hate," myself the author being "inflamed by hate." On account of such things I said at the beginning of this letter that your article "discussed both the book, The Jesuit Enigma, and its author"—a procedure perhaps a little unusual in a review.

Somewhere in your own autobiography you wrote: "For one thing I am always wanting people to play my game; to come into my game." Well, if your "game" is that of imputing ignoble motives, and attempting to stir up rancor, I for one decline to play . . . and so I will allow to pass unanswered your discussion of my personality.

I feel, however, that I should utter a word of protest against the charge that you have insinuated against my publishers, Messrs. Boni and Liveright. They never approached me about writing this book. Of my own free will I made the offer and submitted a rough outline, which they, having considered, accepted. They left me perfectly free as regards the spirit and method of treatment. They uttered no protest when, in my preface, I wrote: "I hope I have succeeded in keeping clear of revelations. To satisfy the morbid thirst some feel for scandals was in no sense the purpose of my story." That was a very poor bid for big sales, and yet my publishers said nothing.

I am afraid that in reviewing myself and my book, you have been unconsciously influenced by that kind of bias to which I refer in my preface, as characteristic of the Jesuit mentality. "Invariably they identify their critics with the enemies of religion in spite of the fact that many eminent prelates of the Church have belonged to the former class."

E. Boyd Barrett.

(In my review of Dr. Barrett's book I explicitly mentioned the fact that Dr. Barrett himself points out that Carlyle "did not know much about the Jesuits," and that he arrived at his intensely hostile views about them "by a true or false intuition, without any historical research into the matter." It seemed to me, and still seems to me, that as Dr. Barrett used Carlyle's accusations as part and parcel of his own interpretations and descriptions of Saint Ignatius, there could be no reason for doing so except the fact that Carlyle's statements deepened the colors and sharpened the lines of Dr. Barrett's picture. In connection with Carlyle, Dr. Barrett is incorrect in his opinion that I quoted him as writing about Saint Ignatius: "Had he been a good man he should have consented at this moment to be damned." On the contrary, I clearly stated that Dr. Barrett was using these words of Carlyle—in addition to many other even more bitter words—all of which words were separated from the main text of the article, and printed in another type, which is the method that this journal employs in quoting long passages in its main articles.

Dr. Barrett says that I referred to his book as "an endless storehouse of accusations against the Jesuits culled from the pages of ex-Catholics, ex-Jesuits and enemies of the Society." He then goes on to say that he extensively uses the criticisms of the Jesuits made by Jesuits who lived and died in the order, and by bishops and saints and Popes. What I really said was very different from what Dr. Barrett says that I said. I wrote as follows: "The words and works of Ignatius and of the Jesuit leaders following Ignatius and everything said, written or done by Jesuit historians, apologists and commentators is interpreted, judged and condemned by Dr. Barrett, according to the standard he himself has arrived at, with the help of the opinions entertained by other ex-Jesuits and ex-Catholics, and of the most extreme anti-Jesuit views and accusations held or made by outright opponents and enemies of the Society." As I said elsewhere in the same article, nobody can doubt that the Society of Jesus, as one of the organizations comprised within the larger organization of the Catholic Church itself, is open to criticism. It has been criticized by its own members, as well as by good Catholics who were bishops and Popes. This is a fact that does not support Dr. Barrett's assumption that the Jesuits will not tolerate criticism. One-sided condemnation, however, is not criticism, and Dr. Barrett, in considering the Jesuits, uses nothing but what is said against them by their enemies or by their critics. The enormous and decisive amount of favorable opinions uttered by Popes, saints, bishops, ex-Catholics is left severely alone by Dr. Barrett.

Dr. Barrett disclaims any intention of supporting the accusations that have been made against the Jesuits of murder in connection with the deaths of Paul IV and two other Popes, Sixtus V and Innocent XI. Of course I unreservedly accept his explanation of this matter, while still continuing to think that it is highly unfortunate that the passage in his book which I quoted in my review was so ambiguously constructed that it seemed open to such a misunderstanding.

I did not say in my review that Professor Sedgwick and Dr. Van Dyke, as authors of works dealing with Saint Ignatius, held that "the Jesuit order as a whole has served the highest and best interests of Christendom." I said that their books, while "far from accepting or approving the whole claim for the achievements of the Jesuits," certainly do give support to that view of the Jesuits which seems to be prevalent among educated and civilized students of religion and life, namely, "that Ignatius founded an organization which, on the whole, has served the highest and best interests of Christendom." That is my opinion. I adduce the two books in their entirety as evidence in support of that opinion.

I must absolutely disclaim any intention of insinuating or

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trying to insinuate, by relating the Paul Feval incident, that Dr. Barrett was "bought" by his publishers to write against the Jesuits, or that his publishers had "bought" or tried to "buy" Dr. Barrett. The Paul Feval incident was simply quoted to show that a study of documents relating to the Jesuits on the part of a man employed to write against them had led to the formation of opinions highly favorable to the maligned Society. But the study of documents can only be made fairly by a mind unswayed by prejudice. Dr. Barrett's own story is sufficient proof of his prejudice in this matter. But there was no thought in my mind, and so far as I know, no thought in the mind of any other reader of my review than Dr. Barrett himself, that he was influenced in writing his book by sordid commercial motives, or that his publishers hired him to write the book.—Michael Williams.)

WHY THE STUDY CLUB?

Green Bay, Wis.

TO the Editor:—Patrick J. Ward's article of November 2 on study clubs aroused a latent spirit in some—Walter V. Gavigan, New York, told some truths but not all; and while I sincerely thank these gentlemen for the information given, and the spirit shown, will they kindly concede "the last word" to a woman?

Were the writings of James McMaster, Orestes Brownson, Martin I. J. Griffin and John Gilmary Shea not an incentive to Catholic thought in those times? Were the labors of John England in the South, John Hughes in the East, and later, John Ireland in the Northwest, not an assurance to Catholics of their rightful heritage?

A free circulating library in the early sixties was founded by Father Hecker for the scholars of Saint Paul's Sunday school. From the graduates of this school a Catholic reading circle for women was formed in 1886.

The Paulists! The Catholic World! Yes, these two take it all in. It is hard to say which did more good, the reading circle or the guide lists prepared by these promoters. The Catholic World presented a list. Chicago Catholics prepared a list. Milwaukee did likewise. Green Bay did also, ten years later bringing the list up to date.

In 1892 the Columbian reading union was formed. Father McMillan was the prime mover. Read his address at Syracuse, New York, April 11, 1892 (Catholic World, Volume LV, Page 304) on Catholic Thought in Modern Literature.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review, by Warren E. Mosher, was a great help to reading circles.

In December, 1888, Miss Julie E. Perkins (deceased) Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sent her plan for reading circles to the Catholic World. I might say "broadcast" it, for Canada, the United States and Australia took it up with happy results. Milwaukee people are not backward in coming forward—let them tell the story.

In February, 1888, the Marquette Club, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, organized. It was composed of sixty members, leading Catholic men and women, lawyers, doctors, business men and school teachers. Its most enthusiastic and appreciative member today is our honorary president, the Right Reverend Paul P. Rhode, Bishop of Green Bay.

The Marquette Club hopes to celebrate its fortieth birthday on February 20, 1928. You see why Wisconsin should be counted in reading circle or study club work.

MINNIE H. KELLEHER.

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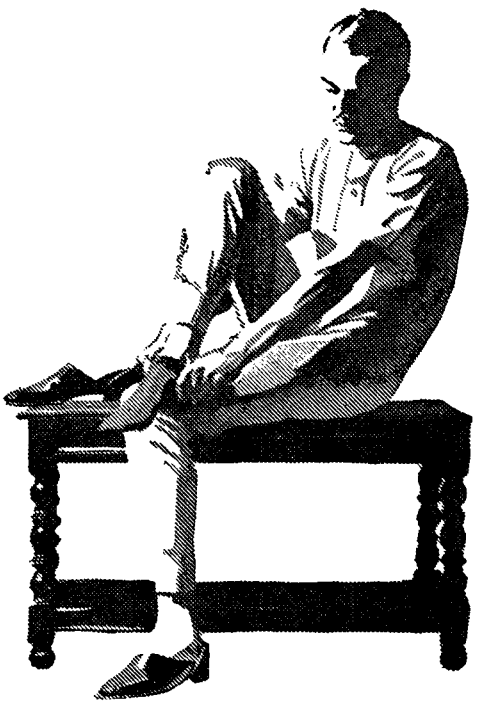

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Margaret Anglin's Electra

WHEN Margaret Anglin, last year, by the sheer power and beauty of her artistry, filled the Metropolitan Opera House to overflowing for two performances of Sophocles's Electra, we tried in all humility to convey something of the magic of that occasion. This year, with a slightly different cast, but with the same settings and other details of production, she is once more presenting Electra for an all too brief run at the Gallo Theatre.

A comparison of the two performances, as one of the newspaper reviewers very wisely pointed out, indicates how completely this amazing production gathers its unity and power from the genius of Miss Anglin herself. A change of cast in several of the principal rôles has in no way altered the beauty of the ensemble, the slow and majestic rhythm of the scenes, nor the spirit of exalted tragedy which dominates them. It is to Miss Anglin's direction, quite as much as to her personal portrayal, that we owe one of the most stirring and starkly beautiful events of the modern stage.

The true proportions of an artist as a creative instrument —the distinction between acting that is merely clever impersonation and acting that becomes a channel for universal emotions—can be judged only when we see the same actor pass from the lightest comedy to the demands of heroic tragedy. Many of our fine actresses—Pauline Lord, for example—absorb every play to themselves. They succeed chiefly by the projection of their own interesting personalities. Miss Anglin, however, is of the rarer type of artist who is transformed from within and who gives of herself so freely that she literally ceases to exist and becomes for the moment the character conceived by the playwright. To see Margaret Anglin in Lady Windermere's Fan and then in Electra is to realize what supreme self-effacement the true art of the actor must achieve.

In this year's cast, the part of the Guardian, whose thrilling account of the chariot race in which Orestes was supposed to have been killed is a test of the first magnitude, is portrayed by Clarence Derwent. His ordinarily too precise diction gives way on this occasion to a splendid dramatic fervor. Another important change is the assignment of Clytemnestra to Antoinette Perry. I felt that her work considerably heightened the drama of the struggle between Electra and her mother. Orestes is once more played by Ralph Roeder, and once more his strained and throaty diction robs this part of much of its significance. The chorus of Argive maidens, under Miss Anglin's direction, remains one of the most beautifully rhythmic visual expressions to be seen on any stage.

The Plough and the Stars

QUITE naturally the reappearance of the Irish Players, this time in a repertoire of Sean O'Casey's plays, created considerable advance interest. So much has been heard of O'Casey's work on the stages of Dublin and London and so little of it has been seen over here—that one heard everywhere the question, "How will O'Casey's plays emerge when played by his native group of actors?"

The first answer to this question came with the initial production of The Plough and the Stars, a play of the Dublin tenements during the historic Easter uprising of 1916. Into the merits of this play, as a true reflection of conditions in Ireland at that time, there is no use entering. Opinions will differ considerably on this historical aspect, but they can hardly differ on the dramatic intensity of the play itself. The present production, in many respects, is crude. The scenery is very unpretentious, and many important opportunities for effects in staging have been either lost or overlooked. But the acting is of the kind that creates its own illusion, independent of stage trappings. From the rich and boisterous comedy of Arthur Sinclair, as Fluther Good, a carpenter, to the poignant tragedy of Sheila Richards as Nora Clitheroe, or the more brutal intensity of Sara Allgood as the fruit vendor, Bessie Burgess, the acting of one and all has that unconscious spontaneity which makes for the finest theatre and the most realistic illusion. The carrying of this general excellence even to the minor parts is one of the conspicuous merits of this production at the Hudson.

It has been said that The Plough and the Stars gets off to a very slow start. So far as plot is concerned this is true, but the plot is the least important aspect of this play. As in the Theatre Guild's production of Porgy, one feels here the drama of background events even more strongly than the story of the particular people on the stage. It has about it the primal elements of a folk play. It is an account of passion and prejudice, of persecution, of humorous bravery, of reckless audacity and of the meannesses and weaknesses of humanity under the stress of terror. It is a play salted with quick humor even in the midst of crushing tragedy. Under these circumstances I feel that Mr. O'Casey has done well to use the first two-thirds of his play to create a broad and vivid portrait of the human elements around which the tragedy is gathering. He has let us see the birth pains of modern Ireland through the eyes of a dozen or more characters. Through them we gather the sense of multitude, of bigness and of infinite variation. If the play as a whole is not a masterpiece, it has at least been touched by the strokes of a master. If many will find it objectionable, they will at least find it hard to question the absolute dramatic sincerity of the author.

Much Ado About Nothing

THE ghost of William Shakespeare must have been prowling around the streets of New York this year. We have his Shrew in modern clothes at the Garrick Theatre, his Midsummer's Night Dream in German gutturals at the Century, and now his Much Ado about Nothing in the trappings of an illuminated manuscript at the American Laboratory Theatre —that sheltered sanctum where Richard Boleslavsky is doing his Russian best with a very youthful group of actors.

The Laboratory Theatre is in an awkward position commercially right now, being neither a recognized public adventure nor a completely isolated art theatre. One of its productions of last year—Granite, by Clemence Dane—was moved to a Broadway playhouse after a successful initial trial at the Laboratory's own theatre. But neither precedent nor the distinguished efforts of Mr. Boleslavsky can quite remove the impression that the Laboratory Theatre is still rather tied to the maternal apron strings of an endowment.

I mention this chiefly because something of this compromise spirit seems to invade the very interesting production of Much

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Ado about Nothing. A group of actors that makes its bid bravely for public favor acquires in very brief time a professional sureness of touch which greatly enhances the illusion for which the theatre exists. There are several potentially good actors in the Laboratory group, but at present they do not escape that slightly hesitant and self-conscious feeling which is the mark of the amateur. The present production, scenically, is quite as interesting and novel as anything to be seen in New York. Its settings are a great credit to the Laboratory Theatre workshop where they were designed. I venture to say that if the Laboratory group had had the courage to make their first public presentation of this play in one of the downtown playhouses, after the fashion of the Neighborhood Players, not only would they have achieved considerable success with it, but the acting would have risen to a point it can never reach while resting on its uptown pillow. As a concrete suggestion, why cannot the Laboratory Theatre, and other groups like it, give their trial performances behind closed doors to a regular group of seasonal subscribers and then, after this thorough try-out, give the first public performance in some theatre where the box-office is sole register of public approval?

Funny Face

A COMBINATION of George Gershwin music, dancing and song by that delicious pair, Fred and Adele Astaire, some superlative comedy by Victor Moore and a lavish production by Aarons and Freedley, all go to make this musical comedy at the Alvin one of the season's joys. It offers nothing startlingly new. The book is certainly no better than dozens of others and the lyrics have as little sense as orthodox lyrics should have. But the whole event moves swiftly, the chorus is well trained, and the above-mentioned principals have a pleasant way of pervading the whole evening with good spirits and an art which, of its kind, is not to be surpassed.

A COMPOSER who ought to be better known both by his fellow-Catholics and by music lovers in general received the honor of a place on the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's program at its concert of Saturday night, November 26, at Carnegie Hall, and of Sunday afternoon, November 27, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Both concerts were conducted by William Mengelberg. The composer is James J. Dunn, and the work which Mr. Mengelberg presented was his Overture on Negro Themes. This composition, which both Mr. Henry Hadley and Mr. Mengelberg himself had conducted previously at the Stadium summer concerts, is described by Mr. Dunn as "Negro-like in character, though not based on any actual Negro themes." It is an admirably made and splendidly orchestrated work, and entirely worthy of a place among the actively played pieces of musical Americana. Both the themes themselves and Mr. Dunn's method of handling them mark him as a sound and sincere musican and a true master of the resources of the modern orchestra. He is a composer well worth watching, and one from whom a good deal may be expected.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The title page and index for volume VI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume VI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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BOOKS

The Poetry Emporium

GAZING over the Christmas volumes of verse that are this year accumulating so heavily on the review shelves of our newspaper offices, pity is aroused that this force should not be centralized, organized and fitted for a practical and beneficent purpose. It would take the genius of some Henry Ford to arrange this vast production into a selling proposition, to place the more meritorious work in the brilliantly lighted window and to segregate the small priced roadster from the limousine editions of Rolls Royce poets.

As it happens, there is no poet of today who does not crave a notice, even if it be a line, for the book that has caused him unremunerative qualms, and with all the benevolence that is left in a bosom torn by the lashing agitation of recent poetry, we begin a brief tabulation of a few of the season's publications.

Ballads of the Singing Bowl, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Scribner's) is a book of interesting themes delivered in smooth-running verse, with a depth of pathos and a sense of dramatics that indicate a future novel or play from the hands of Miss Seiffert. She shows a very well-adjusted personal faculty and a realized culture that can put aside merely literary trappings for a telling effect.

In Towns and Little Towns, by Leonard Feeney, S.J. (The America Press) the reader will find some charming lyrics, some commonplace verse, and some humor based upon qualities at times a trifle à la vaudeville. Father Feeney can write exquisite poems such as To a Pessimist and Saint Stanislaus, and To My Grandfather. There are some other lovely lights in this little chapel of verse, but the newspaper column badly supports the floriegated arches, and the laughing echoes are not always quite recherché. There are two books here in one binding.

Dante's Eclogues, by Wilmon Brewer (Cornhill) is the fourth rendering into English of the great Italian poet, Mr. Brewer translating the poetical correspondence between Dante and his Mopsus, Giovanni del Virgilio. It is a fine demonstration of the claims of Latin literature and the tongue of Tuscany, and Mr. Brewer appends a scholarly study on their literary importance. His translations in blank verse are excellent.

The Night Express, by Arthur Crew Inman (Dutton) is the voice of that new career, railroad life, its panoramas, rapidities, cargoes and adventures. The poems are well conceived and composed with a nervous verve that make up a remarkable little book.

Wandering Cries, by Helenjoy Kimball (Harold Vinal) is the interesting book of a young poet not yet past her maturity, and singing now and then with the grace of a modern flapper. Dark hair, dark eyes, dark hands pervade the pages: it is a young and vigorous book.

Reflective Twilights, by Carolyn Ruth Doran (Cornhill) is a recent volume, many of the reflections of which are religious. Miss Doran reveals herself as a devout-minded poet; her credo is touched a little more heavily by the dogma than by the spirit. This marks her out as unusual in a day which is characterized by very cloudy pieties and foggy spiritualities.

It is not for nothing that the wrapper of Behind the Mask, by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni (Henry Harrison) depicts a fascinating damsel with plucked eyebrows. Here is a garnering of poems grave and gay, with a worldly flick to the muse's skirt and a furtive tear in the painted eye.

Out of the West, by Caroline Lawrence Dier (Harold Vinal) consists of smooth verses telling of the charms of western nature, in a rather subdued tone and with muted feeling. There is a goodly group of poems in negro dialect, meriting approval, but arousing little enthusiasm.

Chosen Poems, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribner's) are the self-selected pieces of a prolific poet whose verses have had a wide circulation among American readers. The reverend editor in one volume here again presents the best poems from his previous publications.

The New Patriotism, Poems of World Brotherhood, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark and Esther A. Gillespie (Bobbs-Merrill) is a marshaling of such poets as are the joy of the peace societies and the cosmic brotherhoods. There are three poems by Richard Watson Gilder; ten by Edwin Markham; four by Walt Whitman; and eight by the editor's self, Thomas Curtis Clark. The volume "includes devotion to our country because she offers the duty nearest at hand. It includes also a devotion to the welfare of all other nations."

Untamed, by Benjamin Musser (Henry Harrison) shows a healthy vigor in the poet, honesty of feeling and sanely measured enthusiasms that indicate an eventual place for him in American poetry. Imagination, that final test in poetry, the over-light, the over-tone of style, is strong in this young poet, and there is, moreover, in most of his writing a common sense, moral and uplifting in its summary of song.

The Cyder Feast, by Sacheverall Sitwell (Doran) is a brought-over volume by a younger English poet: it seems pale stuff after the Victorians and gleams like some foreign brew that does not stand the ocean crossing. It seems that our modern readers must have frail digestions and cannot swallow the heavy Oportos of our ancestors. One must be a sophomore, or at least a junior, to appreciate what new spirit is in many of these younger leaders among whom the longer poem has reasserted its place without vindicating its second breath. The Cyder Feast was evidently conducted on unfermented juices.

First Fruits, by Alfred Eichler (Harold Vinal) bears all the freshness and naïveté of a young tree in the groves of the muses. There is a sweet unconsciousness of what the older poets have written of The Moon, The Sea, Mountain Shadows and Daffodils at Night. It is all a first gesture and the future is yet to be.

Narcissus and Iscariot, by Ernest Hartsock (Bogart Press) bears quite a striking title that is not altogether sustained by the text, even though we gather such lines as:

> "Bold centaurs bucked and galloped in the breeze;
> And fauns with crazed, rhapsodic revelries
> Flung meteors from their shredded crystal hair."

You That Come After, by Mary Siegrist (Harold Vinal) bears a riper message than many of these books possess. Mary Siegrist is all too fine a spirit not to grieve us with what seems a lack of spiritual quality. The cold agnostic flavor of her verses has not even the vigorousness of unbelief. Her book nevertheless possesses some qualities above the ordinary run of poetry today.

Sonnets, by Amory Hall (Macmillan) is a sequence with more of the variety and color of life than usually survives the touch of the continuous sonateer. Mr. Hall's fate is the black cat; his youth is rather artificial in its moods and desires.

The spirit is epicurean and the metrical touch very delicate.

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Penny Show (Henry Harrison) is the new book by Mary Carolyn Davies. Miss Davies has come into general recognition as one of our leading poets: her fancy has all the lovely flutter of a butterfly and a touch of spirituality light as a springtime morning. The afternoon, however, seems to be moving on in this new volume of hers, and the shadows shifting and lengthening. We must confess to preferring her earlier volumes, even in the presence of some of the charming numbers in the Penny Show.

A World Too Old, by Ramon Guthrie (Doran) is a refreshing interlude amid the muted droning of the season's bards. Ramon Guthrie shows a fine scholarship as well as a live genius for expression and interpretation. He begins like Ezra Pound, but with a minor personal bias on his findings in troubadour literature and a sense of spiritual as contrasted with the material qualities of his texts. Metrically we might look for a little more harmony, but the translator of today is too fixed in his attention on the truth of his version to listen overlong to the jingling of his originals. A World Too Old is a book of poems for literary scholars: it is a book on books, of apperceptions of poetical values, and we bow to Ramon Guthrie as among the best of our poets and interpreters.

THOMAS WALSH.

Harvested Lives

Turnpikes and Dirt Roads, by Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

Reminiscences of Adventure and Service: A Record of Sixty-five Years, by Major-General A. W. Greely, U.S.A., Retired. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

Footprints and Echoes, by William H. Crane. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

CLERGYMAN, soldier and actor, respectively, the authors of these volumes of reminiscences can each look back over a long span of years—well beyond the allotted three score and ten—lived honorably, courageously and unselfishly. Their unfoldings of the past are an inspiration to those who live in the present—a call to service, an assurance of satisfaction to all who accept responsibility and invest the trivial round of every day with dignity.

The rector emeritus of Saint Bartholomew's Church in New York writes of the childhood days of "David Clough"—his mother's name, before her marriage to the Reverend Martin Phillips Parks, was Georgiana Clough—a childhood spent in the South in the days immediately preceding the Civil War and during the first years of the conflict between North and South. The very mood and spirit of the South in the days of spaciousness and family intimacies is caught and mirrored by the childish observer in a manner so naïve and charming that the reader comes to more complete understanding of conditions which were contributory causes of the great convulsion, of the ideas which became inextricably involved with obvious interests. When David went North to complete his education, he had learned that not wealth nor fame nor even the scholarship he hoped to acquire were measures of a noble life, but usefulness. He had also discovered that life "does not run exclusively on turnpikes but that there are muddy, rocky, dusty dirt roads which must be traveled."

"Long urged to write the story of my life," says Major-General Greely, "it has finally taken form, and is finished in my eighty-third year." It is a story of a life of constant and

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varied activity which has brought recognition and reward to one who describes himself in a brief preface as "a man of the masses, non-collegiate in education, without private income and favored by no political influence." Soldier, scientist and explorer, the sixty-five years since the boy from high school salved his New England conscience by chalking "18" on the soles of his shoes that he might declare to a recruiting officer that he was "over eighteen," have been a lifetime of public service, as full of action and of color as of well-earned advancement and honor. From those first days when, as a youth, he fought in the Peninsula campaign against his fellow-Americans, he has battled with yellow fever outbreaks, with cholera and smallpox epidemics, with the rigors of the Arctic and with the plots of politicians. One of the most interesting incidents in the entire record is given in the narration of a tussle with Tom Reed over the abandonment of certain weather stations. Although only a captain, acting as chief signal officer in the Weather Service, Greely stood his ground with the able but domineering czar of the House, who, a few days later, congratulated him on his nerve and courage.

Chapters are devoted to the Presidents and their wives whom Major-General Greely has known; explorers and travelers with whom he has associated, and premiers and officials of foreign countries whom he has met with some degree of intimacy. In describing a visit to the home of Lord Rosebery, a curious slip is made. The author refers to Neil Primrose, who died in the service of his country, as having been the heir of the Earl of Rosebery. The heir to the title is, and was during the life of his brother, Lord Dalmeny, a famous sportsman.

The sturdiness of the old fighter is reflected on every page of a narrative robustly told, which is as invigorating as it is interesting.

William H. Crane, who, at the age of eighty-two, gives his reminiscences of a long stage career, entered the profession in a manner which is not heard of in these days. He was formally apprenticed, while still under age, to a theatrical manager, who undertook to pay his board and traveling expenses, clothe him and instruct him in the actor's art for two years, during which the pupil should receive no salary. Judged by results, his parents, who were plain people, unconnected with the stage, had no reason to be dissatisfied with the grounding their boy received. The Holmans were decent, God-fearing troupers, who seem to have taught the new member of their company that an actor should work hard, give the best he had to his public and be clean and upright in his relations with men and women in and out of the theatre. Now more than sixty years after he left them, William H. Crane says he feels justified in declaring that he has never played in a risqué situation on the stage and has never uttered an equivocal line. One is almost tempted to ask him to take a few apprentices himself!

The friend of Booth and Barrett and McCullough (Booth once confided to him that he had played the banjo as an amateur minstrel) the contemporary of Dion Boucicault and Maurice Barrymore; the fishing companion of Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland—this popular actor has had a full life which he has lived without the sacrifice of any of his boyhood ideals. He recalls every scene in which he played a part and every comrade who shared his happiness on and off the stage in a manner worthy of one who, for many years, was a prime favorite of those who sought wholesome entertainment.

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON.

The Human Engine

Living Machinery, by A. V. Hill. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THIS is a wonderful book. It tells the story of the nerves and muscles of the human body in very simple language and yet comes nearer to telling the whole story than any book that I know. The simplicity of the presentation of the material in it will be best realized from the fact that, though this volume is the text of the Lowell lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute, Boston, March, 1927, the lectures were originally given as Christmas lectures to an audience of children at the Royal Institute in London. How one wishes, by the way, that we could get children interested in such matters as this in this country!

These Royal Institute lectures for children were founded by Faraday about a hundred years ago, and Faraday himself gave nearly twenty in the series. Dr. Hill's lectures at the Royal Institute were the beginning of a new century. When the author was invited to deliver them he turned to his own children, Polly, David, Janet and Maurice, to whom the book is dedicated, to ask if he should give them. They were unanimous in the decision that he should, and offered to be the subjects of experiments for them. No wonder that the lectures proved such a success! Polly's heart was shown beating. David was given electric shocks so that sparks came out of his hands and Maurice's heart-beats were magnified so that they could be heard all around the lecture hall. Janet had the movements of her stomach shown on the screen. Her father remarked parenthetically that "there is no decency in young ladies these days."

When asked to deliver the Lowell lectures in Boston, this recipient of the Nobel prize in medicine thought that he could give nothing better to his cultured Boston audience than his Royal Institute lectures for children. He consulted his wife this time, and her opinion was just as emphatic as that of the children had been.

Anyone who wants to know how his body works according to the very latest scientific discoveries will find it in this book which contains all sorts of surprising information. If you want to know what sugar, and by the same token candy, means in supplying energy, consider this: "The work of raising a man straight up a distance equal to the height of the Woolworth building in New York is equivalent to the energy that would be supplied by burning less than half an ounce of sugar." No wonder that the author says: "Sugar therefore is a very satisfactory means of storing energy within the muscles of an animal," and a physician would be tempted to add, "Just see how much work a person must do who insists on taking considerable quantities of candy and sugar and sweet things generally, if he will use up the store of energy that is accumulating in his body. If he doesn't use it up, he will have all sorts of internal disturbing feelings owing to its cumulative presence."

Dr. Hill added two chapters to those which had been delivered in London. One of these is entitled Physiology as a Meeting Ground of the Sciences, the other Mechanism and Purpose. In this last lecture Dr. Hill takes up such questions as, "Philosophy of the biologist," "How far is human 'character' the product of physiological functions and processes?" "Is there anything ultra-physical behind the mechanisms the biologist studies?" and so on. Some of these questions are difficult to answer and Dr. Hill confesses the mystery that lies behind them, but he is very emphatic in his

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rejection of materialism. "Only a madman," he says, "would attribute a telephone system purely to the laws of chance and the principle of natural selection, and only ignorance or fanaticism could attribute a living cell [to the same laws of chance and the principle of natural selection]." He does not hesitate to say that, as advance in science occurs, "men have come to realize that there is really no fundamental contradiction between the religious interpretation of phenomena as a whole and the detailed [scientific] description of how they actually occur."

He has other such expressions as "the mysticism which views the material world as a manifestation of some deeper underlying reality is not unlike some of the developments of modern theoretical physics." He adds, "Truth can be pursued by many means." The last sentence in the book is, "The dogmas of materialism are as impudent as those of mediaeval theology; both are unworthy of reasonable men who are searching humbly for the truth." Of course his use of the word "mediaeval" is conventional. For him it represents a certain nadir of lack of proper consideration. If he only knew the mediaeval philosophers he would find them as satisfying as so many others have. He had said in the preceding sentence: "To invite me on the other hand to agree to 'mechanism' as an explanation of life phenomena is to ask me to bury my head in the sand and to pretend that things are not there when I know they are."

Materialism is getting a good many jolts in our day, and the English Nobel prize man of recent years ranges himself beside our own Nobel prize man, Millikan, in making the materialists sit up and take notice because the scientists are leaving them in the lurch.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Faith and the Fairies

Travelers' Tales, by Enid Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder Company. $1.50.

EVEN in the face of our modern realistic code, critics and authors and, above all, the poor harmless readers for whom books are supposed to be written, must still admit that whereas the letter of fact killeth, the spirit of truth maketh alive. Readers still go on preferring, after the dictum of Aristotle, the impossibility that seems probable to the possibility that seems improbable. This being true, a host of disarmed critics and a multitude of already fascinated readers will welcome this new collection of tales by Enid Dinnis. Blithely she invents a riot of miracles and a company of "ardent spirits, out for the great end" of heaven, who achieve their journey's end by walking through life with their guardian angels and patron saints as chummy companions; and blithely we accept the miracles as facts and the ardent spirits as friends tried and true.

This entrancing author never forgets that she must tell a story which seems to be true for the reason that it is true to essential truth. Where the romanticist oftentimes lays down a fantastic substructure and builds truthfully thereon, Miss Dinnis lays down a substructure that is fanciful only in the sense that truth is stranger than fiction when the truth is supernatural and the fiction is really feigned, and then builds thereon perfectly credible incidents.

In view of these methods, the reader is not at all surprised when a man of good will has his faith in human nature restored by an honest-to-goodness thief, and a fallen-away Catholic is brought back to the Church by a fallen-away priest after

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more fortunate ones have failed to convince him, and a very ordinary young man who went looking for fairies finds heaven on a dump heap, and a little, unlearned old lady confounds a very learned doctor, and a small girl's bucket is changed into a chalice that catches up a runaway soul. The reader is not surprised by anything at all in the sense of being dismayed, but only in the sense of being delightfully exp ctant—expectant, say, as a child is expectant of presents, whether or not the family pocketbook is flat. After all, there are always Saint Anthonys to find things, and the Sacred Heart to get one money to have Masses said in honor of the Saint, and Lourdes water to cure twisted bodies and, better yet, twisted hearts and souls; so why in the world should one be surprised at anything nice which happens? Moreover, even spiders have their uses, as poor frightened Brother John in his hermitage learned for his own humiliation and the edification of others.

Ripping sentences from their contexts is most unfair unless by doing so one can induce those who read them in their isolation to seek out the matter from which they are taken. In this hope, then, I offer a few sentences from this wholly delightful book, that those who read them may immediately get the collection of tales. "It is said that only once was Brother John, the holy solitary, guilty of preaching detachment, and there is so much subtlety in the story of the manner of his expiating his sin that the same is well worth recounting." "Once upon a time there was a man who thought he saw a fairy on Peckham Rye. This is an incredible tale, so let us plunge into the incredibility at once." "There is an old document in the Brayne collection which tells of a certain pursuivant of that period who, before he became reconciled to the Church, was so staunch a patron of the drama, having then the means at his disposal, that on one occasion he gave a horse and a bag of ducats to a wandering player whom he chanced to meet at an inn" and whom he caught "mumming" a priest's part at the bedside of a dying man.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Wordless Celebrants

Creatures, by Padraic Colum, with drawings by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

I AM glad that Padraic Colum has put at the head of his new collection of poems his beautiful adaptation of the Mass of the Thrush and the Nightingale by the fourteenth-century Welsh poet Dafydd ap Gwilym. For to Colum as to Dafydd the words of the old Welsh triad are justly applicable —here are the three attributes of genius, an eye to see nature, a heart to feel nature and boldness and energy to follow nature.

Colum has precisely the same brave and soft love for the creatures of the earthy woods and river banks, the badger and the otter and the British cuckoo with its double note, and when he writes of them he reminds you of Saint Francis and the birds, and he sweeps into your close room the same clear, refreshing breezes from the open fields.

As his poem on the Mass of the Birds is destined to get into all the anthologies of the future I append a literal translation from the Welsh, omitting a line or two that is obscure in the original: readers of Colum's version will find it illuminating to watch him transform and surpass—there is no greater praise which can be bestowed, I think—the mediaeval poet:

"In a delightful place I was today, under the mantles of the splendid greenwood, listening at the dawn of day to the cockthrush singing skilfully in the fine meadow his songs of bright allure. He had journeyed far, my brown messenger of love, from narrow Carmarthenshire—to please my golden sister Morvyth. About his waist for vestment a thousand delicate branching flowers; you might have taken his cassock for the green fins of the mantle of the wind; yea, and by the great God nothing for altar-stone but pure gold. Morvyth had sent him, master of music, foster son of May. I heard him declare in silver voice the prophecies, and read the smooth gospel to the parish without a stammer. For sacred Host he

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raised a golden leaf, high on the hills, while the beautiful nightingale, slender and fluent, sang to a thousand birds her song from a corner of the glen hard by; the Mass-bell rang, the Host rose into the sky, the beautiful heavens, adoring the Lord Creator, a chalice of ecstasy and love. I was made content at the song rising thus out of the birth grove by the woods."

The poems on the Wild Ass and the Aquarium Fish will be quoted often, and the Vulture poem for an example of the successful macabre; and the poem on the Quetzal Bird because it expresses a poet's despair at the inadequacy of mere language; and was it a contrary presumption that made fail the lines on the Bird of Paradise? It is a thrill to watch Colum, an Irishman from the plains, handle these strange, esoteric themes, sometimes succeeding, sometimes not—a literary experiment which one cannot fail to find of the highest interest.

The decorations are effective though the artist seems to have placed the poet as a writer on the strange and extravagant—to judge by his cover-design. As indicated, however, he had some justification for doing so, but to readers of Colum's Road around Ireland, Castle Conquer or Wild Earth, it is startling, to express it no more positively, to find him in juxtaposition with such startling designs.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

A Frontier Idyl

The Women Lincoln Loved, by William E. Barton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

YEARS ago a popular magazine solicited the answers of prominent individuals to the question, "Does a clever man need a clever wife?" I do not recall the tenor of the answers; but the inquiry itself testifies to a popular conviction that a great man should, if married, possess the complement of a great woman. Sometimes this delectable duality has actually come to pass, as the annals of literature and politics indicate. Who does not remember the illustrious wives of Rubens, or the domestic bliss of Schiller? It must be confessed, however, that many a towering masculine soul has had to be content with the little the gods have provided. The case of Abraham Lincoln does not suggest an extreme either of bliss or woe. Many women who were representative of the average of the American society in which he moved attached themselves to the Great Emancipator in some way or other. One he married. Others he may have loved for a time. Among them are some whom popular or poetic imagination has colored somewhat. Mr. Barton, author of the most careful and trustworthy Lincoln biography, has now abstracted the color, and produced, as a result, a series of neat photographs.

They are all here, in order. Mr. Barton scrutinizes the sad story of Lucy Hanks, and it is a pleasure to see how deft and sure his touch always is. Perhaps he pads the slight narrative a little too fulsomely, but the knowledge that she lived and moved in stirring times of creative American patriotism does help to construct the right sort of background for the emergence of her grandson. Nancy Hanks, too, peers at you wistfully through these pages—a simple, hardworking, pioneer creature who died early, leaving a blessing upon Abraham's head. Then comes Sarah Bush Lincoln, typifying the nobility of backwoods mothers, a sound, wise, amiable woman. No "debunking" here, only a fine, warm comprehen-

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sion of essential human values—no amateur psychoanalysis, but a shrewd understanding of people as they act and think and actually are in the vast laboratory of everyday existence.

Lincoln grew up inoculated with backwoods chivalry, paid some attention to many women, and treated all with respect. Mr. Barton is the only writer I know of who makes you see that Lincoln as a lover was not some kind of mechanical apparatus. A modern youth would probably not deal with Mary Owens as he did, but that is only because the modern youth has a different code of social ethics, not another variety of human nature. It must be confessed that our author vacuum-cleans the Ann Rutledge incident, making it virtually impossible to believe that Lincoln irretrievably lost his heart to this bright little New Salem girl. He tells her story very well, nevertheless, in simple diction which manages to be profoundly moving.

By far the most significant portion of the book is concerned with Mary Todd. It is probably too bad that a woman of her character has been required to sit for so many full-length portraits. Some of them have been painted by dyed-in-the-wool enemies. One cannot say that Mr. Barton has admired her, but he is scrupulously fair and (what is more to the purpose in matters of this kind) resolutely accurate. We leave her feeling that we have to come to know a woman who, for all her faults of temper and temperament, possessed many fundamental virtues. She loved Lincoln and (Mr. Barton reminds us) he loved her. Perhaps he really met no other woman who was better designed than she to help him carry through to a successful termination the things he was destined to accomplish.

Lincoln is probably the only figure in their history about whom Americans want to know absolutely everything. People may be driven by curiosity to pry into the private affairs of Washington, but nobody ransacks his attic out of love. In the case of the man who came from Springfield to guide the nation through its most bitter years, one goes on searching everywhere, guided by the fine purposes of reverence. It is well that all we discover should be so stalwart and plainly beautiful. It is well also that in the vanguard of the quest there should be a man as conscientious as Mr. Barton.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

CONTRIBUTORS

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"Our editorial life," said Doctor Angelicus to his friend Britannicus, who was offering him his snuff-box, "has more pathos than the other world knows of. We editors are the hungry ogres and arctic-blooded tyrants in the minds of younger writers; our human lymphs have been congealed in some Dantesque frigidarium which causes all the writing public to pity our friends and condole with our female relations. But there are hearts that still throb among us, Britannicus, as you know, when you slip me the manuscript of the white-haired poetess of the Ozarks, the personal diaries of young football heroes, or the shrinking sonnets of some fair young graduate of Saint Mary's.

"I am moved, deeply moved, my dear friend from Britain, over a letter that has reached me this morning. It elucidates one of those little mysteries that has agitated our office for several months—the strange disappearance of that sonnet on The Dancing Faun, whose plaintive rhythms induced us to place it among our accepted manuscripts, and the plight of our Miss Amanuensa when she discovered in our folders only a blank page and a blank envelope with postage (which I must confess I afterward used in my private correspondence.) This morning there is an explanation of this, which is as 'mystic wonerful' as the white samite of Tennyson.

"It transpires that Atalanta Jones, the poetess of Minetta Lane, writes an inquiry concerning The Dancing Faun, and makes a strange confession. Let me read the passage from her letter: 'Having had several poems accepted by Contemporary Verse, The Lariat and The Gypsy, I finally have been able to purchase a bottle of real Blackamore Ink with which to write you this inquiry and explanation. When I sent you the manuscript of my poem, The Dancing Faun, I found myself quite without writing fluid, and having during the week previous purchased a $0.10 pair of black stockings at the Woolwool store, I imagined, after noticing the pervasive quality of the dye, that I could manufacture some good ink with which to copy the manuscript for you. Using my tea-kettle and gas-stove, I boiled the stockings and produced a rich black fluid with which I indited your copy of The Dancing Faun. It was not until some months later that in looking over my sheaf of the sonnet-sequence I am preparing, I discovered that the ink had entirely evaporated, leaving my scrap-book denuded of the precious lines upon which I thought to build my fame. From memory, therefore, I have rewritten my sonnet and hope you will find it in its new form acceptable at your usual rates.'

"Nay, Britannicus, you may hold back that welling tear; otherwise the library will have the strange spectacle of two elderly editors weeping together over a poetical offering.

"Now that you are here and in a not unsympathetic mood, I wish to consult you on a personal matter. This morning's mail brought me a request from Who's Who in the United States, with the clipping of my old entry which they wish me to revise. This is the item:

" 'Angelicus, Pedro, poet, critic, novelist, essayist, educator, lecturer and professor of Delsarte, b. Spoolville Centre, Connecticut, April 2, 1869: s. Peter and Priscilla Angelicus (Duganne); ed. Spoolville Academy, Spoolville College, Johns Hopkins, Bologna, Paris and Oxford Univs. Degrees A.B. (Spoolville); Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins); Litt.D. (Oxford); L.L.D. (Bologna.) Unmarried. Editor of The Spoolville Agitator, 1890-5; The Connecticut Wiseacre, 1895-1905;

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"It seems quite adequate, dear Doctor, and in correct official form. I miss, however, the personal touches that make you so alive to some of us."

"I feel that way about it myself, Britannicus. My false teeth do not seem easy in my jaws and my professional toupee somehow or other does not set naturally on my forehead. Also I do not see how I can mention my long descent from the Spoolville Angelicuses—as we have really been prominent in founding the town, my great-grandfather Peter having been the first person in the community to use a pocket handkerchief, and his son, my grandfather Peter, having introduced the custom of wearing adjustable collars on his shirt. Our Imperial Vienna cuspidors in the Spoolville Museum alone would indicate our family distinction in early history.

"These are only a few of the suppressions necessary in a work of the character of Who's Who in the United States. In such a book we preserve only the skeleton; the plump rotundities, the flushing cheek, sparkling eye and even the sagging wrinkles are unavoidably absent. I should be curious to see my portrait painted after the details of my official biography, the indications of my old descent, my tastes and habits as shown in my education and professional activities. Look on this picture and on that. I wonder if the portraitist would give me my long white beard, the shining dome on the forehead of my basilica; would indicate the lordly drop of my grandfather's gold watch-chain and the bagginess of my scholarly trousers?"

"Let the biography stand as it is, Angelicus. 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest'; the bright phantasm of your youthful charms can live only in the memories of the girls and boys we knew and in the fading daguerreotypes of the family album. Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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